

# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION HISTORIC MILESTONES



THE FIRST SEA FIGHT OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION • IN WHICH JEREMIAH O'BRIEN • IN AN UNARMED LUMBER SLOOP MANNED BY SIXTY MAINE VOLUNTEERS • CAPTURED IN HAND-TO-HAND CONFLICT IN MACHIAS HARBOR THE BRITISH CRUISER MARGARETTA • A DEED THAT FOR AUDACITY OF THOUGHT AND SKILL IN EXECUTION IS HARDLY SURPASSED IN NAVAL HISTORY

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### DANGEROUS CARBON MONOXIDE

THE gasoline engine is a useful invention, which has, through its serviceableness to the automobile, gone far to revolutionize our habits and modes of life. But it has one drawback. In the course of combustion—especially when the combustion is not complete—the exploding gasoline produces a gas which, under certain conditions, is dangerous to health and even to life. That gas is carbon monoxide; it is one of the most deadly of gases, and it is discharged from the exhaust of every car whose engine is running, whether the car is moving or not. We have several times in this column spoken of the danger of starting an automobile engine in a closed garage, and, though the warning against this practice has been widely spread by newspapers and health lecturers, there are a great many deaths caused by it every winter.

Carbon monoxide is the poisonous constituent of illuminating gas, especially water gas, and it is also produced in large quantities by burning coal. The air of stove-heated and furnace-heated houses is often contaminated to a dangerous extent with this gas, which escapes when the draft is poor. It may even pass through the wall of the stove if the iron gets red hot, and poison the air of the room sufficiently to give the occupants headache, nausea, loss of appetite, vertigo and a constantly irritable condition of the mucous membranes of the air passages. When the gas escapes continuously, it seriously affects the general health, for it lowers the powers of resistance and causes susceptibility to colds, grip, and pneumonia.

The gases from automobiles contain from four to eight per cent of carbon monoxide; but as little as one per cent is enough to produce serious, if not fatal, consequences. Of course this is still further diluted by the atmosphere in the street, but if there are thirty or forty cars crowded into a small area the dilution is not enough to make it entirely harmless. Those who must continually breathe the air in the midst of automobile traffic that is much concentrated are likely to find themselves vulnerable to the attacks of common disease germs which they could easily resist if the air they took into their lungs were pure.

### POISONED PRAISE

"LUCY," said Isabel, "didn't you suppose, it was practically certain that Anne Everts would be put on the committee to fill Joan Atkinson's place?"

"Why, of course," responded Lucy. "Isn't it? Who could possibly object? She's so obviously the right person."

"Belle Doane wouldn't be bad."

"Not bad; no. She'd vote for the best things other people suggested, and she's a dear and more of a personage socially than Anne is; but you know very well she wouldn't contribute an original idea once in a blue moon. She might do if we couldn't get Anne, but—horrors! You don't mean Anne won't serve?"

"She'll serve if she's asked, I fancy," said Isabel dryly. "But she won't be asked, if Edna Alton praises her any more to the members who don't know her as well as we do. You know Mrs. Alton's gentle and superior smile, and the way she says things—as if she were trying hard to find the very best she could put forward about a person, because she was too sweet and amiable to do anything else; but the things she could say if she weren't sweet and amiable! Oh, you know!"

"I certainly do," assented Lucy. "And, not being too sweet and amiable to observe the disagreeable traits of my acquaintances, I'll venture a guess that she prefers Belle to Anne because she thinks she can make a rubber stamp of her, to record the opinions of a certain E. A."

"Maybe. But that doesn't bother me. It's the things she's saying about Anne."

"Such as?"

"Such as: 'Oh, yes—the younger Miss Everts. A charming girl, certainly, and quite an interesting little personality—quite. Some trifling eccentricities, of course—a little bit crudely insistent on her own view at times; but that's only a manifestation of youthful earnestness. I'm sure—oh, nothing more than one ought to be ready to overlook. I'm really one of Miss Everts's admirers, you know.'"

"But that isn't Anne at all!"

"Yes, it is—that's the worst of it. It's perfectly true, only it's such an unimportant part of the truth that to us who know Anne it's as bad as false. We can't deny it, though. What we have to do is to follow up Mrs. Alton's trail and fill up her outline sketch and put in the color. Make it a real all-round picture."

"Mrs. Alton prides herself on always saying pleasant things about people, or else saying nothing; I once heard her say so," said Lucy thoughtfully. "I suppose you could call those remarks of hers praise, if you tried hard to be charitable."

"But not if you tried equally hard to tell the truth," countered Isabel. "Detraction that masquerades as praise seems to me the very meanest kind because it tries to catch people off guard. It's like—like—"

"A sprinkle of arsenic in the sugar bowl?" suggested Lucy. "Sweet, but poisonous."

### AN ORIGINAL LUNCHEON PARTY

EUGENE FIELD, poet and humorist, found a kindred spirit in that lively Irish wit and verse-maker known as Father Prout. He was never weary of searching for and repeating stories of his jests and exploits. In that search, says Mr. C. H. Dennis in Eugene Field's Creative Years, Field came upon one anecdote that was destined to play a part in his later social activities. Here it is:

It was a custom with Father Prout to invite a company of jolly good fellows from Cork to dine with him at his home at Watergrass Hill. He would seat this company at a table upon which there was no cloth and which was bare of plates, knives and forks. When the guests were seated upon rude forms two lusty servants would bustle in, bearing a pot of boiled potatoes, and these steaming-hot vegetables they would shoot along the table between the guests. Then was there a great rushing and ostentatious haste in fetching a wooden vessel filled with cold milk for every two guests. Then Prout would say gravely, "Your dinner is before you, gentlemen; let us say grace." Eminent jurists, poets, journalists and ecclesiastics would vie with one another in the delicate task of peeling hot potatoes with their fingers, and when the joke seemed to have gone far enough the host would rise and announce dinner in the next room.

After Field returned to the United States he imitated the Father Prout joke on various occasions. The best known of these occasions was his celebrated luncheon at the Union League Club in Chicago in honor of the Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale. Preparations for that luncheon gave him great delight. For days he was bubbling over with anticipatory mirth as he planned the menu. I recall that he was particularly entranced with the idea of serving boiled potatoes "with their jackets on"—precisely the special viand provided at Father Prout's dinner. He added corn bread, corned beef and other substantial fare, with apple pie and cheese for the final course. To partake of this repast and to meet Doctor Hale he invited a large number of friends, both men and women. I remember to have observed there the handsome, ruddy-gray countenance of Marshall Field, the great merchant. Thomas Nelson Page was there. And, as Henry B. Fuller and I were introduced to Doctor Hale at about the same moment, I recall with what warmth the young author of *The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani* was greeted by the Boston veteran.

The guests disposed themselves about the great room, and an army of waiters served them with eatables on plates poised precariously on their knees. There was an abundance of drink for the thirsty. Waiters poured it out expertly into fragile glasses from lordly champagne bottles swathed in faultless napery. When so served, however, it proved to be a good quality of water. Beaming hospitably, Field circulated among his guests. Into the ear of each man whom he approached he breathed softly, but with impressive solemnity, this helpful warning: "Be careful; don't drink too much—remember your failing."

When the repast was over Field introduced Doctor Hale, who made a felicitous little speech, in which he did not fail to compliment his host upon the luncheon. I recall no other intellectual feature of the occasion except the recital of Casey at the Bat by De Wolf Hopper.

### THE "MAD STONE"

BEFORE a cure and a preventive for hydrophobia were discovered no cry struck greater terror to the childish heart than that of "Mad dog!" Louis Pasteur of Paris discovered how to cure and prevent the disease about 1890, but before that time the wildest cures and preventives were used.

The greatest of all the old-time cures, writes

a correspondent, was a "mad stone." When as a boy in the fourth grade I was bitten by a ferocious dog nothing would satisfy my parents until I was taken to a mad stone. The village physician recommended it highly. The postmaster had been treated with a mad stone years before and had lived half a century to tell of its wonders. A learned lawyer had seen the stone save the lives of at least a dozen of his friends who were fortunate enough to be able to get to it and have it suck the poison from their blood. They all told of the way a mad stone stuck to the lacerations of a dog bite and of the difficulty with which it was removed if a trace of poison remained in the victim's body.

So my parents sent me to a mad stone in a distant part of the country. Strangers pointed me out as the lucky one who was on the road to the fountain of health. A jolly conductor of the Wabash fed me a bit of candy and cheered me up by telling me that his own boy had died through not having the privilege that was now mine. It appeared that people knew in advance that I was coming. A train crew let me ride in the engine cab in order to get me to the stone before I went mad. So we arrived in Carrollton, Missouri, on a cold, frosty spring morning. The banker of the town sent word that he would bring the stone to the hotel.

I had heard so much of it that I imagined it was the size of a worn-out millstone, and I was disappointed when the banker did not arrive in a dray with a bunch of men to carry the stone into the hotel. Instead he came with it in his pocket. The stone was reddish and must have been an inch long and half an inch square at the end. He told me that it had been in the family for years and had originally been found in the stomach of a deer in far-off Scotland centuries ago.

He asked for some warm milk to soak it in; he said that would make it work better. He said also that it had stuck for hours on dog-bite wounds and would then turn green because it had absorbed so much poison. But try as he might, it would not stick to the wounds on me.

Of course we now know that mad stones have no value as a preventive or a cure for hydrophobia, though no doubt they did considerable good by keeping nervous people from worrying too much.

In the past thirty-five years a great deal of progress has been made in the cure of hydrophobia. The village doctor, the postmaster and the learned lawyer will now tell you that the way to keep from going mad from a dog bite is to go to any of the many Pasteur specialists to be found in almost any of the large cities of the world.

### A NAME TO SUIT THE CASE

THE ease with which many of the recent accessions to our population change their names is illustrated by the following true anecdote.

The teacher in a South Boston school became so interested in a little Polish girl that she was anxious to learn of her progress after she was promoted to a higher grade and asked her new teacher concerning her.

"There is no such child in my room," answered the one so questioned.

"No Marie Levenski! Why! I know that she was sent to your room, for I asked about it at the time."

"There is no Marie Levenski in my room. I am very sure," persisted the other.

"But I have seen her go in the door, and there she is now," darting as she spoke toward a small girl approaching from the opposite direction. "Isn't your name Marie Levenski?" she demanded.

"It used to be, but now it is Mary Jones," was the calm reply.

"Mary Jones! How can that be?"

"Why, father buys and sells old junk, and one day there was a door plate with the things, and the name on it was Jones. Nobody would buy it, so we put it on our door, and now my name is Mary Jones."

### HE PREFERRED TO BE LOVED

I love incompatible with respect? Surely not always, however it may have been in the case reported in *Farm Life*.

A young man was accosted by a friend who exclaimed:

"Why, Dick, you are positively beaming! What's up?"

"I am in the greatest luck imaginable," said Dick. "You see, I have been attentive to a pretty girl for more than a year. During all that time she would never admit that she loved me; she would only say that she respected me. But now, old chap, congratulate me, for last night she confessed that she respected me no longer—that she loves me."

### A BIT OF LINCOLN'S FUN

IN Lincoln's lawyer days a New York firm wrote concerning the financial standing of one of his neighbors. Mr. Lincoln replied: "Yours of the 10th inst. received. I am well acquainted with Mr. X and know his circumstances. First of all, he has a wife and baby; together they ought to be worth \$50,000. Secondly, he has an office in which there are a table, worth \$1.50, and three chairs worth, say, \$1. Last of all, there is in one corner a large rat hole which will bear looking into. Respectfully, A. Lincoln."



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## ¿HABLA VD. ESPAÑOL?

By Willson Whitman



HEY, Lawrence—busted any thing yet?"

The query reached its mark across a crowded campus, and Lawrence Funston smiled, not because he wanted to, but because smiling was necessary. No, he hadn't busted—State slang for flunked, which again is slang for failed—in any course yet. He wished he could. He had but two term reports to his credit so far, and both bore a magic red-ink scrawl, "Most excellent"—a tribute penned by the dean whenever you made only A's. This was an unusual record for a freshman, but it was one of which Lawrence was not proud.

Lawrence wanted to flunk something. He had wanted to ever since he had read in the Owl a squib beginning

"Can You Imagine—

"Doctor Summers playing the saxophone?

"The dean asleep in chapel?

"Ed Baker with only one girl at a time?"

and ending

"Lawrence Funston busting a course?"

The squib had been written by a harassed subeditor in a moment of haste, and Lawrence's name, picked at random from the freshman honor roll, was inserted therein merely to fill the required space. But it meant a good deal to Lawrence; it meant a diagnosis of what he felt to be wrong with himself.

That there was something wrong, he felt sure. Frequently he had looked at himself in the mirror in search of a clue—was it anything in his appearance? So far as he could tell he was normal enough; the shell-rimmed glasses lent a scholarly air, it was true, but others very similar were worn by Red Parker, football manager, and by Shanks Tripp, who ran the Pan-Hellenic. No, it wasn't his glasses. The trouble was that, glasses or no glasses, Red and Shanks looked like regular fellows, while he looked like a grind.

Then the Owl thing proved it—he looked like a grind because he was a grind!

And yet he didn't study half as much as his roommate, Tod Martin, who groaned over math every evening when Lawrence, his problems done and folded away in his notebook, was absorbed in Kipling or writing a letter home. Long practice in reading made it easy for him to average a page a minute, including notes, when he read for history or English; the result was that he completed his library work in record time.

"Naturally you don't have to study!" Tod said. "Didn't your father write books? You ought to be up on things."

To a certain extent Lawrence knew this was true; and if it was, how could he

help it? Earlier in life he had been oblivious of the fact that very good grades weren't always the thing, but it was forced upon you at State, he thought. In the private school from which he had graduated things had really been different; the masters were your parents' friends, they dined at your house and called you by your first name.

Here at State it was otherwise. Lawrence did not realize that the difference was due to the size of the university, which by precluding intimacy between instructors and students made it difficult to arouse interest in work. Lawrence was also unlucky in that he entered in a year when study happened to be unfashionable. There are fashions in everything; in his father's time studying had been popular at State, and it would be popular again; but in Lawrence's first year it distinctly was not. Tolerated it was, if you didn't overdo and were successful in other lines; but studying, if not supplemented by other activities, drew sharp criticism. Lawrence excelled in nothing else. He was too small for football, and anyhow you couldn't go in for athletics if you wore glasses. He shrank from girls—social success somehow didn't appeal to him. He would have liked to belong to the Dramatic Club, but it was a jealously guarded organization reserved for upper-classes, and distinctly select upper-classesmen at that. He might make the magazine next year—but in the meantime what did one do?

There was, of course, the fraternity, his father's, into which Lawrence slipped as he would have slipped into a boarding house. It was a lively fraternity, and Lawrence hardly felt at home in it; football stars were

more in its line, and he had a feeling that perhaps they wouldn't have asked him to join if it hadn't been for his father.

On the whole that first year had not been a very happy one; Lawrence had been conscious of failure that the report cards did not show, and that he resolutely kept out of his letters home. The family wouldn't understand. That was the trouble with these families where nobody ever did anything except make A's. His father had been valedictorian of his class, a fact that Dean Matthews had produced from a capacious memory the day Lawrence registered. At the present rate Lawrence would be valedictorian too, and Phi Beta Kappa and all the rest of it.

Most decidedly, just now, he wanted nothing of the kind! "Can you imagine Lawrence Funston busting a course?" A girl, a coed whose name he didn't even know, had read it out in the history lecture-room the day the magazine appeared. She and another girl sitting behind him had giggled; Lawrence did not know that the giggles were solely for the purpose of making his ears turn red—which they promptly did.

He had thereupon looked the young instructor in the eye and said, "I don't know, sir," to a simple question. It hadn't done any good; nobody else knew either. The instructor had undertaken to explain, and as he proved a bit uncertain in his explanation Lawrence, before he knew it, had been discussing the subject with his usual enthusiasm. Well, how could people help getting interested in Disraeli's purchase of the Suez Canal? It was thrilling. But, queerly, the class as a whole did not seem thrilled; the bell rang in the middle of a debated point,

and everybody got out with the customary haste, leaving Lawrence and the instructor the best of friends again. If he was going to bust, it would have to be some other course than history.

English he simply couldn't fail in; Doctor Howard was his favorite teacher; besides English was only reading good books and writing correctly—you couldn't fail in that. Math? That would have been the easiest; but unfortunately Doctor Summers counted daily problems as two thirds, and the examination as only one third of the course. With the term nearly over, and A's on all his work so far, flunking in math was a mathematical impossibility! Physics the same; moreover, you worked with a partner there, and if he had let down in physics Tod would have had to let down too.

There was nothing left but Spanish; by the process of elimination Lawrence resolved to flunk in Spanish. His easiest course, but what did that matter? There had been little written work; Doctor Speare said the examination would count half. And Doctor Speare—the campus byword for absent-mindedness, a storybook figure of a professor with his vague smile and his galoshes—would be easy to fool; he would never remember class grades. "If you could just get his attention on something else," it was said, "you could take his collar buttons away from Doctor Speare, and he'd never miss 'em."

Lawrence went through the other examinations as usual. Spanish was set for the last day of examination week—an appropriate finish; so far as Lawrence was concerned his work was over the day before.

Not so with others. Tod sighed eloquently as he worked that night—the usual signal of distress. Lawrence, sitting idly in the window, failed to respond; Tod sighed again.

"These verbs'll be the death o' me," he complained. "Hear me say 'em, Larry, you lazy brute! I never shall learn the imperfect subjunctive."

Lawrence heard him; then obligingly he translated prose. It was going to be hard to flunk Spanish; he had found himself dreaming in it the other night. That, of course, was because he wanted so to go to South America, Cuba, Mexico; the tropics fascinated him. He stared out of the window again and imagined himself in a town of pink plaster houses with a background of palms. Mangoes, parakeets—

"Aren't you going to study at all?" demanded Tod.

Lawrence shook his head. It was on the tip of his tongue to say he intended to bust the course—but what good would it do if you told about it? Tod would broadcast the thing. He compressed his lips. Nobody would understand. The folks at home—

He reopened his father's last letter.

"Exam week and then you'll be starting home," it finished. "Don't work too hard. I'm not saying a word about your spring term



He stared out of the window again and imagined himself in a town of pink plaster houses

grades; I know it won't be necessary. You know and I know that the grades themselves don't matter so much, but it's very nice, just the same, to know there's never any need to worry about yours. And while I don't want to urge you at all I think there may be a tangible reward ahead this time."

"A tangible reward—" Dear old dad, transparent as a windowpane. He meant money, and he couldn't afford it. It would be doing him a favor to flunk, really. Still, it was going to be hard explaining to dad, because he took everything so reasonably.

Lawrence wondered, for a minute, whether it was worth while doing as his father always did. Writing technical books wasn't a very interesting life. It wasn't, for example, half so interesting a life as his uncle led—Uncle Stephen, who hadn't even finished prep school.

Uncle Stephen had been the principal financial success in the family; he had lived all over the country and had even gone to China once, for his company; and yet when he had come to spend Christmas that time, Lawrence remembered, he hadn't even spoken correctly. That was what education amounted to!

He got up, whistling, and grinned as he realized what words went with the air:

No use to grind and cram for every little term exam—  
If the prof intends to bust me, let him bust me as I am!

"I'll say that must be a fine way to feel," said Tod enviously. "Wish I could be that independent. Fact is if I bust any more I'll get dropped—know it? And where's the fraternity standing going to?"

That, of course, was another thing. Lawrence had heard rumors of that standing; his fraternity brothers weren't all getting fulsome flattery from the dean, it seemed. Well, it wasn't his worry; he'd done his share to hold it up. He made ready for bed. This was one night he didn't intend to dream in Spanish.

Doctor Speare believed in short examinations; there were only six questions in the multigraphed slips passed round the next morning. Verbs first—methodically Lawrence began mixing indicative and subjunctive, the deadliest of deadly sins. Tod was chewing his pen and cast an agonized glance in his direction. Tod needn't think he'd get any better mark this time, Lawrence considered grimly as he wrote "*pueda*" for *puede* and made the errant *a* extra plain.

Sentences showing uses of pronouns followed; here a little judicious carelessness played havoc. Agreement of adjectives came next; "*El limón es amarilla*," wrote Lawrence with glee at the vision of a masculine lemon being femininely yellow, and he made a feminine pen masculine without compunction.

The fourth and fifth questions concerned translation, English into Spanish.

"Glass is made from sand."

With a smile Lawrence translated sand "*sandía*" instead of "*arena*"—the sad case of the young man who made that mistake, thereby talking about watermelons on the beach, had been a favorite joke of Doctor Speare's. The doctor would be glad to learn also that glass was made from watermelons; that alone would be enough to flunk him, Lawrence felt. And there were other inviting opportunities for error—confusions of the verbs *ser* and *estar* in matters of time.

As for writing a business letter in Spanish, that offered infinite possibilities. Really interested in the job of being as thoroughly bad as possible, Lawrence devised an epistle, by literal translation of English idiom, that would have insulted any Spanish gentleman unaccustomed to the ways of the foreigner; and he even omitted at the end the "S.S. q. b. a. m." "Your servant who kisses your hand," that romantic abbreviation which had fascinated him when he first learned it.

The last question was more translation, Spanish into English. His inventive powers exhausted, Lawrence decided it would be more artistic to hand in an unfinished paper. He therefore spent the remainder of the period drawing thumbnail sketches. There wasn't much time; oddly enough, it had required longer to write a bad paper than it would have taken to write a good one.

Doctor Speare smiled and nodded as the frightful mess was laid on the desk, and Lawrence felt terribly ashamed. What would he think of it! But that simply couldn't be helped; you had to sacrifice something.

Out on the campus there was a general feeling of relief; with this last day the tension was over, and barriers were flung aside. Everybody was friendly; so many were leaving for good and trying to carry with them only pleasant memories that a flow of good will pervaded the whole place. Professors smiled at you; Doctor Summers, approaching with Dick Randall, the fraternity president, nodded cordially, and Lawrence reflected with some satisfaction that his math was all right anyhow—he had proved every answer. As they passed Dick slapped his shoulder, and Lawrence realized that they must be talking of him. Dick was a wonderful all-round sort of chap—made good grades, might even be an instructor next year, and yet nobody called him a grind.

There were strangers on the campus, too—the annual influx of visitors had begun. Lawrence expected nobody.

"Larry!"

Bert Anderson, a tall junior, was calling, "You're wanted at the house—your uncle's there."

Uncle? He had only one, Uncle Stephen. With real surprise Lawrence hurried home. What on earth could Uncle Stephen be doing coming for commencement?

"Just thought I'd drop round," was the only explanation given Lawrence at the beginning. "Never had much to do with schools myself, but I thought I'd like to take a good look at one. Sometimes I've thought I might take a good long look, if I was a few years younger."

Lawrence was startled. How queerly this met the question in his own thoughts! So Uncle Stephen, who had succeeded without it, thought school worth while?

"Your father told me you were taking a course in Spanish, too," his uncle continued. "Said you'd been making pretty good marks in it. How do you like the language?"

"Fine," Lawrence answered enthusiastically, and then felt himself blushing. When they knew! But there was no use in lying; he did like Spanish.

"Going to make another good grade this spring?" persisted Uncle Stephen with embarrassing curiosity.

Lawrence shook his head. "I don't—I don't know, sir. All my class grades are A, but I don't think I did much on the exam this morning."

"Oh, well, that's all right, then," said his uncle comfortably. "Don't reckon anybody'd mark you down too much on one examination if your other work was good. So you think you could talk Spanish? Order a meal in it, say?"

"Si, señor, puedo hablar bastante bien, mi profesor ha dicho," Lawrence said rapidly, willing to show off since the occasion seemed to demand it. "Yes, I can talk well enough, my instructor says," he translated.

His uncle beamed. "Will you listen to that! It sounds all right, anyhow. Suppose you wanted to order fried eggs, what'd you say?"

Lawrence, the dangerous subject of grades passed, talked willingly about *huevos fritos*, *café con leche y azúcar* and *tostadas* until they had achieved a fairly complete breakfast.

Then the secret was revealed. "I suppose," said Uncle Stephen, leaning back in his chair and playing with his watchchain, "that you wonder why I'm asking all this. I think

maybe I've got a job for you. How'd you like to go to Vera Cruz this summer?"

Lawrence's eyes, always magnified by the glasses, now seemed twice their size, but he said nothing.

"Your father thought you'd jump at the chance," his uncle protested. "How about it?"

"Oh, I'm jumping!" Lawrence hastily found his tongue. "There's nothing in the world I'd like so well. But how about the job? Could I do it?"

"Guess so. It's just going with me and talking the lingo for me," was the reply. "I could get somebody down there who could talk English, of course, but why not take somebody who can talk Spanish? And I reckon you can—anyway, your grade'll show."

Lawrence swallowed. So this was his father's "tangible reward." Yes, his grade would show!

"I—I hope so," he answered soberly. The luncheon gong saved further discussion, but Lawrence had never been less interested in food. He must have eaten, but he could not speak; fortunately Uncle Stephen was at home anywhere, and the table adopted him noisily. A group going for a last afternoon on the river claimed such a good sport for its own, while Lawrence went upstairs ostensibly to pack. He wished they were going home that night. He couldn't feel interested in commencement any more; he wanted to get back and own up to his foolishness. He couldn't, simply couldn't, tell Uncle Stephen now!

He couldn't even talk to him, with the thing on his mind. The next morning he made an errand to the main building, simply in order to avoid conversation; Uncle Stephen said he would wait for him on the porch.

There wasn't any errand, really; Lawrence loitered through the main hall and looked at the bulletin board. He felt now a great affection for the building, so unnaturally quiet with classes finished. The posters and the notices on the board were all old—except one, at sight of which Lawrence's breathing was suddenly halted.

"Members of Spanish I c 27," it read, "are hereby advised that through an unfortunate accident, which Doctor Speare deeply regrets, the term examination papers were destroyed before being corrected. Spring-term grade will therefore be determined by class work, as it is now too late to hold another examination."

Lawrence took off his glasses, rubbed them and read the notice again. He put up his hand and touched it. It was real.

Somehow he found himself going down the steps, and a thumping blow on his shoulder-blades sent him staggering.

"Did you read it?" Tod was demanding. "Oh, boy—and I made C on the midterm! I'm bound to pass now—and I couldn't possibly have beaten E on that final! Can you beat it?"

Speechless, Lawrence shook his head.

"And do you know how he did it?" Tod babbled on. "Ed Rayson told me—he lives next door to the doctor. Says he got home with 'em all right, but he left 'em on the front porch with his overshoes, and one of the Chi Phis has a collie pup. Our verbs and things were scattered all over the yard and the sidewalk, partly chewed up. But even the dog cracked his jaw on some of 'em."

"Doctor Speare," Lawrence began, "he—"

"He was all cut up over it, they say, but he ought to be used to doing things like that by this time. But bless him, I say. He certainly saved my bacon by losing my paper. You weren't worried, of course."

Lawrence felt an inclination to nervous laughter; he wanted to say just how worried he had been, and why. But the sight of his uncle on the porch as they neared the house deterred him. He ought to be able to look Uncle Stephen in the eye now!

And yet, queerly, he wasn't. They went walking together after lunch, around the campus that Lawrence liked so well to explain, and his uncle's touching deference to his scholastic familiarity with points of interest was more than he could bear. Finally, seated on a bench they found on the shady side of the library, he told the whole story, with his eyes on the grass. At the end he looked up—why wasn't anything said?

His uncle was regarding him with a smile.

"So that's what was worrying you?"

Lawrence nodded.

"And I thought—never mind. But I'll tell you this, my boy—you were foolish to try to fail, of course—plumb foolish. And yet, do you know, I'm glad you did? It showed you were interested in being successful in life as well as in books. The thing is, don't you see, you've got to do both. It can be done—don't you know it can?"

"It's hard," Lawrence said.

"Yes. But it's worth doing, and you can do it if you start young and keep trying. Now, I've been successful in life, but that's all—I'm only half successful. People like me, but when I want book learning I have to get it from a bright young man like you. But your father now—he's got the education, yet people like him too. Do you know anybody that doesn't like your father?"

"Why, no," said Lawrence slowly; come to think of it, there wasn't anybody.

"And there's that young chap Randall, your fraternity president, I believe he is. Mighty nice fellow—I like him, everybody likes him. But they tell me he's got all sorts of honors. Didn't seem to hurt him much."

"No," said Lawrence, feeling rather small.

"You've got to have more interest in folks without losing your interest in books. It's wrong to think you've got to lose one good thing to get another—can't you see that?"

"Yes," said Lawrence.

Uncle Stephen slapped him on the back. "Come on," he said. "Let's go find some ice cream and forget it. What did you say they call ice cream in Vera Cruz?"

It was the last night of all, however, that Lawrence finally lost the heavy sense of guilt that weighed him down. They sat round the supper table oppressed by a feeling of gloom; most of them would be back next year, but not all—some of the best were going. Others had personal reasons for sorrow, reasons that Dick Randall, rising at the end, made plain.

"I want to say one last thing," he announced. "Part of it I hate to say, but it's got to be said. You've heard me before on the subject of the fraternity average."

There was a groan.

"You know we escaped falling away down out of sight this term by the skin of our teeth. If anybody had flopped any more, the chapter would have gone blooie—we'd have lost our charter! I'm no bluestocking, but this is serious, you know. And do you realize what saved us? Not our average—our real average is hopeless! What's saved us is having two or three fellows—and especially one—of the sort that makes real grades. The fellows that are above the average—they're the ones that have pulled us out. Of course it's not fair to them that they should carry all the burden. They ought to be able to bust a course like anybody else if the impulse strikes them—" At these words of Randall Lawrence flinched. "But this is one time I'm glad they didn't. And so I'm going to take this opportunity to thank Anderson and Blakeslee and Hupp, who've done nobly, but most of all, our freshman, Funston—the only man in the house to make all A's!"

Lawrence wanted to crawl under the table, but he was happy, so happy that for the moment he was almost disloyal to his fraternity; for while of course he knew that no other fraternity could possess anything of real value, by comparison, he thought with gratitude and veneration, almost with awe, of the Chi Phi pup.



DRAWINGS BY  
A. O. SCOTT

He told the whole story, with his eyes on the grass



# THE LONG QUARTER-OF-A-MILE

By Charlotte E. Wilder



ARE you coming out to the raft this time?" Laura put the question to Helen as they sauntered along the pier that jutted out

into the bay.

"I'd rather not, Laura, honestly," Helen kicked at a pebble and bit her lip. "I don't feel ready to try that distance yet. You know I get winded so easily."

"But you have to begin some day. And I should think that after a whole summer you could swim that little distance!"

Helen flushed. Laura had a cutting way of saying things, although she never meant any harm by them. Ever since Helen had been dropped down on the summer colony—last summer when she was a white-faced, spindling thing—the others had tried to make an "athlete" of her; they had tried to force her, as you force a hot-house plant.

"Well, so long, then," added Laura, pulling her red cap on and curving her arms up over her head. "Play round the pier, but don't go near the water." In she slid, with a beautiful dive that raised just the most discreet little splash. She was one of the Highlands' most attractive mermaids. Helen sat, with her feet dangling, and watched her cut through the green water toward the little raft, with long, sleek overhand pulls. It seemed so near. Laura reached it in no time; climbed up and began examining the bottom of one foot while she whistled.

The distance was deceptive—Helen knew that very well. The raft was exactly in line with the pier, lying straight out in the direction of open ocean. She had started once courageously to make the swim. The harder she swam the farther away it seemed to go. Like the horizon line, it receded before her. When she was halfway there she had turned round and gone back to the pier.

Besides, today was an especially bad day, she thought. The wind was ruffling the surface, and choppy little waves slapped you in the face and spewed salt brine in your eyes and nose. Helen practiced a simple dive, and when she came up she floated; then she did about twenty breast strokes and twenty of the kind she liked to call the Australian crawl; then she went back to the pier to rest. She was worried and ashamed of herself; she couldn't seem to improve. She had a real ambition to join the Highland Water Folk, a swimmers' club,—but the requirement was one that seemed to her a stiff one: a quarter-of-a-mile straightaway swim. She thought she could never do it, though it was easy for everyone else. She had almost given up trying.

Yet Helen didn't look like a quitter. She had a firm chin and mouth and snappy eyes under that green cap, but she lacked something—something that Laura had. Perhaps it was success. Success breeds success, and she had never achieved one good piece of it yet. Now, if she could only do something unusual, make the others respect her—for once. She sighed and slid into the water again. She started toward the raft, and then turned round and caught hold of the pier.

At that moment a shout sounded from the shore, and two boys—Henry and Lem—came on the run, bounding over the pier. They stood a moment, curling their toes on the edge of the board, to throw a quick greeting to Helen. Then they splashed in and in no time were lounging on the raft, inviting a deeper tan.

"Come on, old girl!" called Lem. "Eventually, why not now?"

"I've seen you dog-paddle at least half a mile round that pier," called Henry. "There's no earthly reason why you don't make it a straight line to the raft." Helen liked Henry pretty well, and Henry had liked Helen; but this summer something was wrong. He be-



DRAWN BY JOHN GOSS

When the others started back, she lay still

gan now to wag his head and chant, as if he didn't believe she'd take up his dare: "Come on, come on, come on, come on."

Helen didn't usually show when resentment and pride were getting the better of her. She just got hotter and hotter inside until—suddenly—she did something about it. So now. She sat on the pier watching Henry while he chanted at her and then, when she couldn't stand it any longer, she slid off and struck out for the raft.

She changed her stroke now and then; it rested her. The swimming wasn't hard at all. She felt light and sure of herself. Once she stopped and trod water, but it made her nervous to see the ocean glittering all round her; so she shut her eyes and forged ahead. With every stroke the raft seemed nearer. It was easy, and she was glad she'd tried it. But the waves were choppy, and her breath was coming hard. There was a moment when she seemed to be standing still, to be pushing and pushing at the water, which pressed against her like a heavy weight. Then a call came to her ears, and she took heart. A few more strokes and she could see Henry near her, holding out his hand. He pulled her up, panting, up over the edge of the raft. What fun it was! Everybody was talking to her, and their voices sounded friendly and warm. Still her lungs felt as if all the air had been pumped out of them, and she was glad to sprawl, face down, without moving.

When she finally turned her head and looked round she saw that the three of them were disporting themselves, halfway back to the pier, like porpoises—throwing water and ducking one another. It made her realize that she was a long way from being expert yet. She still felt tired—and when she measured the distance back she felt afraid. She hadn't realized when she started that she would have two ways to go. She didn't want to push herself through all that treacherous water again. She shut her eyes and tried to think what to do. The tide was going out, fast. Pretty soon anyone could touch bottom round the pier; then the water would grow shallow between the raft and the pier. In an hour, she thought, she could make it to shallow water in about fifty strokes.

"We're going in now. Coming?" Laura called and beckoned with one dripping hand.

Helen hated to confess that she didn't want to swim back, right away, so she stretched herself out and pretended to be basking, happily, in the sun. "If you kids don't mind—going to snooze a little—out here."

"All right," Laura turned to Henry. "Something's up. Isn't it a bore—bringing up Helen! I call her a poor sport."

Henry put up a weary defense. "Remember, she couldn't swim at all last year. She did pretty well to get out there."

"Yes, but Hen—" Laura looked the rest of it. "Come on over to the house. We can watch her out of my window."

They clustered together on a window seat that faced the bay and fixed their eyes on the spot of green that was clinging to the square raft. Henry strummed his mandolin while they waited. Then Laura squealed. "Look! See that rock that was covered when we went in? Well, it's above water now. She's going to walk it!"

By this time, the water was low round the outer posts of the pier. They saw Helen put one toe in and then let herself down gently. She swam about twenty strokes, and then they could see that she was stretching one foot down to sound for bottom.

"Ha! Ha!" Lem had an attack of hysterics. "Fooled! Did you see her? I'll say she got a large tablespoonful of water that time!"

"Shut up!" said Henry irritably, watching her. The next try was more successful; they could see by the way she swung her arms that she was walking on bottom. Soon she disappeared up the path that ran to her own house.

"I have a great idea," said Lem, with his eyes on the raft. "Hen and I, after dark, can move that raft about fifty feet farther out. She'll never notice the difference until she gets going, and then she'll have to beat her own record."

Henry agreed dubiously, and that night, by the light of the moon, they rowed to the raft.

"Have you got the rope yet?" Henry was fishing down under the edge for the rope that held the anchor. "Just about,"

he answered. He leaned far over and pulled. "It's stuck fast. You row, and we'll see if we can't jerk it out."

Lem struggled with the oars pretty effectively, for soon the rope was taut. Then he rowed harder, and with a snap it came free.

"Go till I say when," Henry held the rope in his hand, and he could feel the anchor bumping along the bottom, while the raft came drifting after them. It was a light, homemade affair; they had bought the anchor secondhand from an old sea captain.

Finally Lem spoke: "We'd better not go too far, or she'll notice something's wrong."

"I don't think she'll know the difference. She's got in the habit of thinking the raft's about three miles out, and there's no landmark near it for her to judge by."

However, Henry cast the rope over and felt the anchor settle. Then they rowed back, leaving the raft to drift idly round its new "hitching-post."

"How far away the raft looks!" Helen stood, poised, ready to jump off the pier, the next afternoon.

"It does, doesn't it?" said Lem innocently. "Maybe the tide's swung it round. Or maybe my eyes deceive me."

He hopped off, and the others followed in haste. Helen had made up her mind to go too and walk back, as she had done before. The tide was even better for it today; tomorrow, she decided, she must swim both ways.

When the others started back, she lay still and pretended to be asleep.

"Playing possum," said Laura, on the pier, with an unpleasant laugh.

The three went in and took up their position in the window. Helen was motionless, a bright spot in the sun.

"She'll have to wait longer this time," said Laura, laughing.

"Quite a bit," agreed Lem.

Then they busied themselves making fudge and forgot Helen for a long time. It bothered them a little to remember that they had been so mean to Helen, right along. So they shoved the memory of her far back in their minds and chattered of other things.

When the fudge was nearly ready, Laura jumped. "Helen!" she exclaimed. "She must be out by this time. Let's call her over and give her some candy."

She ran to the window. There was dead silence for a moment. Then her voice broke it with a startled, sharp note.

"Hen!" she called. "Come here quick!" Helen came, with a loud thumping of his heels. "Look! That raft looks miles farther away than it did before!"

Henry strained his eyes; it did look small and distant; and the green spot on it was like a speck.

"It does, doesn't it?" He peered. "And isn't it—sort of—rocking? It's loose!"

He flung open the door and ran down to the beach, shouting for Lem. "Where's the boat!" Then he remembered that they had pulled it up the sand and locked it in the boathouse. "Where's the key!" How heavy and stiff the padlock was! They got it open and worked feverishly to pull the boat out, feeling as if their arms and legs were sticks. "If only she doesn't wake or move. Oh, Lem, doesn't it look as if it's rocking?"

He turned and stood, biting his lips; then he shook his head as if to clear away something that clouded his vision. Slowly, by inches, it seemed, the boat moved down the shore. Henry ventured another look as they pushed off, and as he did so he saw Helen stretch and sit up. Then she rose and balanced there, outlined against the sky. She looked at the horizon line, toward which the raft was drifting on the outgoing tide. She made an unsteady step. Henry could imagine how the corner of the raft submerged a

few inches, so that the water licked her feet. Instantly, without another look round, she jumped, making a smother of foam.

The boys began to row, but Lem was so nervous that he caught a crab almost at once, and the boat seemed hardly to move.

"Steady there," said Henry, letting the oars rest a moment. "Buck up, now. Helen didn't do any screaming."

But Helen was swimming feverishly, as Henry saw every time he turned his head. She was kicking her feet out of water with every stroke. Then, to his relief, she settled down to a long, slower pull. Never once did her head turn in their direction. She seemed to have to struggle more and more to make any headway. She changed her stroke often; she went slower and slower.

"We'll get there in time," said Henry, "but she must be about all in."

Still the distance they had to row seemed infinite, and Henry felt a pang of sympathy as he realized how the swim to the raft had exhausted her. Before they could hail her she struck out with fresh energy.

The boat was closer to her now. "We'll

get you, Helen," Henry called. "Make for the side of the boat."

Helen kept on, as if she had not heard. She was all out of form: sometimes her feet seemed not to kick at all, and her hands took quick and then slower strokes.

"Here we are, Helen!"

Henry stretched an oar to her. Helen did not stop swimming, but, lifting her head a little, she called, without looking at him, "I will—not."

The boys looked on, ready to jump for her. She went slowly and painfully. Once she gave them a long, despairing look, as if she were ready to call, but, setting her face, she turned on her other side and threw her exhausted arm up and back, up and back, over her head. By slow degrees the open space between her and the pier lessened.

"Touch bottom," Henry called, as a thought struck him.

She went on with pitiful dignity for a few more strokes and then found her footing. "Great work, Helen."

Henry tried to pretend as he came alongside that nothing was wrong. Helen threw him

a look over her shoulder—a very tired look.

"Don't speak to me, you—you—"

"She thinks we did it!" Lem had recovered his old spirit now that his scare was over.

"Well, didn't we?" answered Henry as he jumped out and followed Helen up the ladder of the pier.

As he quickened his step behind her Helen started to run and stumbled and fell, too worn out to want ever to get up again.

"I'm certainly sorry, Helen," Henry stood beside her awkwardly. "Can I help you at all?"

"No. Just go away."

But Henry had that admirable quality, persistence—which is useful in its place. "We didn't cut the raft loose, Helen," he said, taking the snub patiently, "but we did move it last night. When we saw what happened we were just as scared as you were."

The last five words might be counted a "break," but with that serene ignorance which is bliss Henry turned his eye on the raft. "You know, we'll lose that raft unless we go after it. Want to come?"

Who could resist such an offer? Hunting the snark and harpooning whales are every-

day matters in comparison with chasing a runaway raft. "Yes," Helen's tone indicated that she was conferring a favor, but she smiled faintly and managed to draw a comfortable breath.

Just as Henry feared, no anchor was visible when he drew in the rope. "You remember how it snapped when we pulled it, Lem?" he asked. "That jar must have weakened it so that the anchor cut through or got loose somehow." He examined the end of the rope. "Well, naturally. Look how rotten the fibres are at this end!"

"Helen!" He turned suddenly. Henry usually did his most serious thinking when his tongue was running on about something else. "Will you do us the honor of joining the Highland Water Folk?"

"How can I? I haven't ever done my quarter-of-a-mile."

"I think it was probably nearer a half-mile," said Henry, looking out to sea. "But you may remember you took a little swim this afternoon."

Helen smiled. "I do, now you mention it," she said.

## A GREAT MAN AND A GREAT BOOK



HUGO GROTIUS

By  
George Grafton Wilson



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MARIA VAN REIGERSBERGEN

THREE hundred years ago, in 1625, there was issued a book that is said to have had a more beneficial influence upon the world than any other, except the books of sacred inspiration. It has passed through many editions in many languages. It appeared first in Latin under the title, *De Jure Belli ac Pacis*, and often in English as *The Law of War and Peace*. It was the first great work on international law, and it is daily referred to by modern students of international affairs.

In Holland, where Hugo Grotius was born, and in many other countries, the tercentenary of the publication of this great work of Grotius is being observed, and at Delft, where he was born on Easter Sunday, 1583, American representatives propose to place a memorial window in the old church where he was buried. His life was in a period of wars; he realized fully the significance of the subject upon which he wrote. His latter years covered nearly the whole period of the Thirty Years War (1618-1648). Gustavus Adolphus, the great Swedish leader, is said to have slept with *De Jure Belli ac Pacis* under his pillow on his campaigns.

To a student today the Latin verses that Grotius wrote at the age of eight seem the work of a finished scholar. He entered Leyden University at the age of eleven and particularly studied history, philosophy, astronomy, mathematics, theology and law. He wrote Greek poems as well as Latin verse. At the age of fourteen, after delivering dissertations on philosophy, mathematics and law that were regarded as of the greatest excellence, he completed his course at the university.

The next year he accompanied a state deputation to France. The King of France was so much impressed by him that he wished to make him a noble, but he declined, though he did receive the degree of Doctor

of Laws from the University of Orleans within a year. At the age of sixteen he was admitted to practice law. In the same year he published some Latin verses, a book on philosophy and a translation of a treatise on navigation. The next year he brought out a translation of a Greek treatise on astronomy, which had been written more than eighteen hundred years earlier. Treatises on science, art and literature as well as poems and a tragedy appeared from his pen before he was eighteen. His own books began to be translated into Greek, Latin, English and German.

At the age of eighteen he was chosen historiographer. At twenty he wrote, but did not publish, a work on the law of spoils; at twenty-four he became attorney-general and decided that his income was sufficient to enable him "to seek for a quiet wife." After advising with his father, he found her in Maria Van Reigersbergen—a wise choice, as it proved. The wedding was a jolly one.

His book on *The Free Sea*, published in 1608, precipitated a controversy not yet settled. Books on history and other subjects followed.

At the age of thirty he was chosen grand pensionary of Holland and soon was sent on foreign missions for his government. But theological controversies arose; Grotius, endeavoring to reconcile differing parties, was arrested with three others in 1618 and in spite of efforts of the King of France and others remained in close confinement for months. Not even his wife was allowed to see him, though he was permitted to receive letters from her. In one of these his wife wrote, "Study quietly, and be careful of your health."

One of those arrested, Van Ledenberg, committed suicide, but the judges condemned his body to be hanged. John of Barneveldt, another of the great men of Holland, arrested at the same time, was beheaded, and Grotius from his bed had heard the al-

most unbelievable sentence pronounced. A few days later Grotius and his remaining fellow prisoner were condemned to perpetual imprisonment and forfeiture of all their property.

Thus Grotius in his thirty-sixth year, in the prime of his young manhood, was condemned virtually without trial, after distinguished service to his country. His promising career seemed to be at an end.

On the night of June 5, 1619, he started under guard for his prison in the fortress of Loevenstein. Thereagon was lonely. Water on three sides and fortifications on the fourth made the prison secure. Happily, his wife and children were permitted to go to live within the fortress, but under irksome regulations.

Grotius kept himself physically fit by daily exercise with whip top, and intellectually by writing and study. In prison he wrote *The Truth of the Christian Religion*, which has appeared in Arabic, Chinese, Danish, English, Flemish, French, German, Greek, Malay, Persian and Swedish translations. He also wrote a book on Dutch jurisprudence, as well as poetry and philosophy.

Books were from time to time brought to him from a friend's library at Gorcum, a neighboring town, in a chest and later returned in the same manner. Although at first the contents of the trunk were regularly inspected, the inspection became less regular. One day his wife took the chance and closed the lid over her husband, kissed the lock as she turned the key and sent her faithful maid servant to the boat that was to take the chest to her friend's house. Several times the soldiers complained of the weight as they took the chest through the thirteen doors that had to be unbarred to permit their passage. Some of them, being suspicious, threatened to bore a hole through it from top to bottom, but, as they had seen Grotius's clothes on a chair by his bed, they decided

not to go to that trouble. The maid had great difficulty in having the chest properly carried so that it should not be stood on the wrong end on the vessel. She waved her handkerchief when safely on board, that Madame Grotius might see. Arriving at Gorcum, the maid obtained the services of the captain and his son to carry the chest to the friend's house. The son said, "There is something alive in this chest." The father said to the maid, "Do you hear what my son says?" The maid replied, "Yes, books have life and spirit."

In the friend's house in Gorcum the maid told the mistress that Grotius was in a chest in a rear room, and the mistress nearly fainted. Her husband, who was a loyal friend, would hear nothing of it, nor would he see Grotius. All was silent in the chest, less than four feet in length; the maid called, but no answer came, and the mistress said of Madame Grotius, "She has done foolishly. She did have a live husband. Now she has a dead one." At that from the inside came the words: "No, I am not dead. I did not recognize the voices." The chest was opened. Grotius came out from his two hours of cramped confinement and stood in his linen underwear and silk stockings. His friends were perplexed as to what to do. They found a loyal mason, who brought garments and tools of his trade; they smeared Grotius's hands with mortar and put money in his pockets. He started out for the ferry, where the mason and he found it difficult to get the ferryman to take them across. They arrived at a friend's house in a neighboring town in the afternoon; a carriage was engaged to carry Grotius to Antwerp on the explanation that he was a disguised bankrupt escaping from the country. The driver, being asked who his passenger was, explained that, judging from his knowledge of money, he was a fool.

They were stopped at the frontier the next morning, and Grotius was asked for his passport. Not having one, he requested to be



taken to the commander, who, learning who was before him, did what he could to aid him on his way. After about thirty hours of narrow escapes from recapture, he was in Antwerp among friends.

Meanwhile, Madame Grotius had tried to avoid all suspicion, saying her husband was busy; as the commander of the fortress was absent for the day, no investigation was made. On his return, however, he became suspicious and, rushing to Grotius's rooms, demanded of her, "Where is your husband?" She replied, "The cage is here, but the bird has flown."

A mad search was instituted for the escaped prisoner. The chest was traced, but Grotius's friend truthfully said that he had not seen Grotius and knew nothing of his escape. The chest, which had been sent away, was followed to Delft, where it was found filled with thread and cloth. Madame Grotius assumed all responsibility, and Grotius wrote from Antwerp, taking all blame upon himself. The maidservant, who had so courageously accompanied the chest, later married Grotius's manservant and "lived happily ever afterwards." Prince Maurice, learning of the flight of his prisoner, said, "They could never keep him a prisoner, for he was wiser than all his judges."

Grotius's escape, the method of it and even the chest became the subject of congratulatory writing in prose and poetry, and he was gladly welcomed in many cities. The King of France showed him distinguished consideration, and others followed. Madame Grotius was soon permitted to join her husband. The problem of making a living pressed upon Grotius. Aid came from royal sources and elsewhere, but there were many who still sought to undermine his influence.

In 1623 he moved from Paris to the country, and there wrote his great work, *The Law of War and Peace*, which was published in 1625, three hundred years ago.

This volume, divided into three books and fifty-six chapters, well shows the breadth and depth of his scholarship. A single page of the Latin text is often based on quotations from writers from the early Biblical times to Grotius's own day. The names of Aristotle, Herodotus, Plutarch, Cicero and others may be found on a single page. The poets and prose writers are brought to the support of his doctrines in an attempt to find how men had thought and still were thinking.

While the original edition of the book was written in Latin, which was the international language in the seventeenth century, there were many quotations in Greek. Grotius showed in his great masterpiece profound respect for the Roman Law, which is at the basis of so much of the law of today.

The plan for the great book that appeared in 1625 had been maturing in his mind for more than twenty years. A lover of peace, he was familiar with war; banished from his native land, he realized how ungrateful states may be. Thus his book was to some extent the product of the times. It marks the beginning of modern international law. In his last days, within the twenty years of his life after 1625, the influence of the many editions of his book in the hands of diplomats and kings brought him highest recognition, and his ideas still hold wide sway.

He realized that arbitration might be and had been used in many cases, and he wrote: "How much more ought such a practice to be recommended and enforced, to gain the still nobler end of preventing the calamities of war." To this end in *De Jure Belli ac Pacis*, after citing numerous instances, he adds what now seems a modern and sound conclusion, but reached by others only after hundreds of years of trial and suffering: "These and many other reasons of no less importance might be advanced for recommending to Christian powers general congresses for the adjustment of their various interests."

Even though the book brought him fame, it did not bring him a money return at all commensurate with his contribution to the well-being of the world. It was necessary for Grotius and his family to look for other means of support. His financial burdens led him to desire other sources of income than his pension, which often remained unpaid. He declined offers of service made by the Prince of Holstein and by the King of Denmark. Later, going abroad from France, he gave up his pension because he felt he was not serving that country.

Gustavus Adolphus before his death was anxious to obtain Grotius's services for Sweden; after the death of Gustavus Adolphus, Grotius was made counsellor to the young Queen of Sweden and was appointed

her ambassador to France in 1634. He entered on his diplomatic service at a time when affairs in Europe were in a most critical state, and when the courts of Sweden and France were among the most influential.

His reception at Paris in 1635 was in striking contrast to his entry fourteen years before. The coaches of the king and queen now came to meet him, and the coaches of ministers of other states accompanied them. His duties were difficult, as the French court was the seat of innumerable intrigues. At last he began to deal directly with the king. Others became jealous of his power; the efforts to

discredit his work were so numerous and unbearable that he requested his recall, which the queen granted. His return to Sweden was like a royal progress, as he was treated with the highest respect everywhere, and the queen made a special trip to Stockholm to receive him. She presented to him a purse and silver plate and provided a special vessel for his departure when he declined further service.

On the voyage the vessel was forced by a severe storm to put in; Grotius, exposed to inclement weather, arrived at Rostock on August 26, 1645, already very ill. There he

died two days later. His body was taken to his native town, Delft, where it now rests beside the princes of his own country.

Although he was forced to spend many years of his life banished from his own country, the name of Grotius is now cherished in The Netherlands as a proud heritage. The great men of the world make pilgrimages to the church in Delft. World congresses adjourn to pay tribute to Grotius's memory, and delegates to them walk where he as a boy prepared for his great service to the world in formulating the laws for peace among the nations.

# LADY CARRUTHERS

By Katherine M. Harbaugh

## Chapter Six Jason enters a race



ORENA went home with Sue. The seniors were having a rehearsal of a play at the Harrises' house. Ross Smith complained that he didn't like comedies. "You ought to hear me do Shakespeare," he said. He drew a knife from his pocket, and held it up before him in mock

tragedy while he declaimed, "Is this a dagger that I see before me?"

Andrew started at sight of the oddly shaped knife. "How in time did you get Bengoshea's knife?" he asked. "I've tried to trade him out of it for six months."

"You should have caught him when he was broke," Ross said. "He was short of cash, and Swinn decided to let him lay off for two or three days. He wanted to go to town; needed spending money—consequently, I got the knife for three dollars."

"When is he going to town?" Andrew demanded.

Ross was surprised at Andrew's fierce expression. "I don't know just when. Tomorrow, I guess. He's going to ride that old roan of his."

"You'd better take Jason over tonight, Andrew!" exclaimed Sue.

"Plenty of time," Andrew replied nonchalantly. "Fathersaid I could use the fiver, and if we started at noon we could beat that Basque; he won't set out before ten, I'll bet."

Ross exclaimed: "I never connected Bengoshea's trip to town with Grandma's land, but I'll bet that is what he is after."

"There's nothing to worry about," said Mr. Harris. "Bengoshea has thirty-five miles to travel on horseback, and Andrew will only have to cover forty in the car."

"Old Silas must have found out that the cistern would be finished in two or three days,"

said Ted Jenkins. "And, by the way, father heard that Sullivan's suit against Swinn is actually coming off next week. Larry's in high feather. Believes he will be awarded several hundred dollars."

"I hope they soak Swinn good and hard," muttered Ross.

The next morning Mateo Bengoshea jogged along on his roan horse at a leisurely gait. The boss had told him to look sharp and be at the land office when it opened at eight o'clock. But he had given him two whole days off; so Mateo slumped in the saddle and lit a cigarette. He loved to smoke, and he loved this time of day when the slight chill of early morning had given place to tempered warmth. It would not be so pleasant by noon, when the heat waves would be dancing over the desert, but then he would be visiting his old friend Juan Galindo at the Basque colony in the big town.

Mateo smiled in anticipation. But first he must see about filing on this land for the boss. Swinn had intended to go with him, but even if one is rich and has influence it is just as well to be discreet, and Swinn understood that there had been some ugly comment in regard to his coming into possession of so many homesteads immediately after they had been patented. So after coaching Mateo well he decided to send him alone. He had warned him that he was to swear he was taking the land for his own use. As he had his citizenship papers he was eligible.

It was still early, but suddenly Mateo heard the hum of a motor, and he looked over his shoulder and yanked his horse to give place to the little car that suddenly appeared round the last curve. The driver waved a greeting, and Bengoshea's black eyes squinted thoughtfully. He had recognized Andrew and Jason. Swinn had told him that Jason would not file on the claim because he was crippled and could never work the land. Still Bengoshea's black brows drew in a straight line, and the roan jumped at the rattle of his spurs.

Andrew and Jason, already far ahead,

looked at each other and laughed. "I didn't suppose he had started yet," said Andrew. "Well, now we know where he is anyway, and you can have your papers all made out before he gets to town."

Jason nodded. He was even more serious than usual. This initial step toward securing his own home seemed a momentous undertaking. He was apprehensive, but when he looked at Andrew, so sturdy and matter-of-fact, he felt reassured. He glanced back. Bengoshea was not in sight, and he breathed easier. Andrew drove steadily at a moderate rate. Bengoshea was behind. There was no need of haste. But five miles farther a tire blew out. No matter, there was a spare tire, and a few minutes only were needed to change. He drove on whistling softly, but he scowled and muttered at a second puncture in less than a mile. "Such luck! We'll have to patch this one, Jason."

And mending that jagged puncture took time. Andrew was still working over it when Bengoshea galloped by. "Hi! Stop!" yelled Andrew, hoping to engage him in talk until he was ready to drive on. But Mateo only flung back a derisive laugh.

In a few minutes they came in sight of Mateo, who was now bending low in the saddle and using quirt and spur. "Idiot!" said Andrew. "To think a beast can compete with a machine. He's loco." And he shouted defiance as he raced by the rider.

Bengoshea flung a retort after him, but neither Jason nor Andrew understood it; they could only guess its import.

The little car chugged up the hills, swooped down the grades and took the level stretches with fine bursts of speed. They passed a signboard. "Nine miles to go, and it's only seven o'clock. The office won't be open till eight. We can make nine miles easy in twenty minutes." The next instant Andrew cocked his head to listen intently. A queer expression flitted over his face, for the singing hum of the motor had changed suddenly. It missed a beat—another. The engine was knocking,—knocking,—and now it died. "Probably just some little thing," muttered Andrew. "Fix it in three shakes."

He jerked out his tool box and lifted the hood. He tinkered with impatient fingers. Battery—ignition—spark; with growing anxiety Andrew sought the trouble. Jason made timid suggestions. They tried first one thing, then another. Just as they found the source of the trouble Bengoshea bore down on them. He stopped to jeer. Andrew met his taunt with well assumed surprise. If he could only hold him in idle talk until they too were ready to start! "Why, you aren't mad, are you, Mateo? What about? I was just racing your horse. Pretty good horse that can beat a car, eh, Mat?" He sought to cajole him, and Mateo was puzzled. Perhaps after all this kid and the cripple, as he termed Andrew and Jason, had no designs on that land.

"How you come to go to town today so ver' early?" he questioned.

"Why, what of that, Mat?" asked Andrew as he hurried to adjust the carburetor. "Been a long time since I was in town, and I thought I'd bring Jason with me. What you got on your mind, Mat? You don't act glad to see your neighbors at all."

Andrew kept up a running fire of talk. Questions, suggestions, anything to hold the Basque's attention and keep him there. Mateo liked to talk with Americans; he was ever ready to gossip. But when he had finished his third cigarette he gave Jason a last keen, questioning look and started on.

Andrew worked desperately and at last was



DRAWN BY R. W. AMICK

He gave Jason a last keen, questioning look and started on

rewarded. The engine settled down to business. Andrew took the wheel. He glanced at his watch. "Fifteen minutes of eight—I didn't know we'd been tinkering so long. Well, we've got plenty of time to get to the land office before it opens—if we have no more trouble; but of course Mat's got a good lead now."

They entered the city limits; a few moments and they were at the door of the land office. No horse was hitched there; still Bengoshea might be inside. Andrew mounted the steps leading to the office two at a time. The door was locked. A man loafing against a pillar volunteered, "Won't open before eight. Probably after. Generally late."

"All right, captain, we're safe," Andrew shouted to Jason. The stranger looked Andrew over and smiled. "Seem in a hurry," he suggested.

Andrew agreed heartily. "Did you see a dark, tall, bean-pole of a fellow on a roan horse round here?" he asked.

The stranger considered. His gaze wandered up and down the street. "No," he answered, "but there he is now!" For swinging round the corner came a jaded, sweating horse, urged on by Bengoshea. Jason had joined Andrew. The Basque leaped from the saddle, threw the bridle over the horse's head in one quick motion and sprang up the steps to confront them.

"Me see now—me see," he panted. "Me know now for sure, but plenty of time yet. Not yet eight."

"Five minutes to spare," observed the stranger.

"First come, first served," Andrew replied. He gently nudged Jason to a place next the door and took up a position beside him.

Mateo ignored this. "The boss say me get here before eight, eet is all right. Well, me—I—I—here."

"Sure, Mat, you're here all right," agreed Andrew dryly.

A stout, middle-aged man ascended the steps. He fished a key from his pocket, and Jason stepped aside to allow him to insert it. "Rushing business," said the registrar, "rushing business. Step in, everybody."

Everybody stepped in, first Jason, then Andrew, then Mateo and last the interested stranger. Very deliberately the registrar went behind the counter that partitioned the room, removed his hat, adjusted his glasses, and at last said: "Well, we're ready for business. Who's first?"

"Me!" roared Bengoshea. "I—me—first!" "I—I'm first," declared Jason as firmly as he could.

The registrar stared. Then he took off his glasses and polished them on a silk handkerchief. "But—ah—really—it doesn't make any difference to me, of course, and shouldn't to you—unless you both want to catch a train."

"I'm first," repeated Jason in a low voice. He had grown very pale.

"No—me!" growled Mateo, his black eyes flashing.

"Now, I don't see," began the registrar. Then an idea occurred to him. "Is it possible that you're after the same location?"

"Yes—yes!" exploded Mateo. "And me—I was here before eight. My boss say eight o'clock, and he say-a for me to get thees-a land." He produced a paper bearing the numbers.

The registrar sighed. "Now, gentlemen, which one of you really got here first?" he asked.

"This man did," said Andrew, tapping Jason on the shoulder.

Mateo's face was black. "No, no!" he screamed. "He say-a that because they great-a friends."

The interested stranger stepped up. "I don't know one of these from the other," he said. "Never saw them before. But I was waiting out front, and I saw the young fellow drive up in his car with his friend a good five minutes before the other chap raced in on his horse."

"That settles it," declared the registrar. "First come first served in this office." He waved Mateo aside. "You're next, my friend, you're next."

"My boss, he make eet pretty hot for you if he no geta thees-a land," raged Bengoshea. "He want that-a land, himself."

"Ah!" exclaimed the registrar. "Maybe you'd better tell your boss that he can't homestead by proxy, my friend."

Bengoshea stared. He recollected that Swinn had warned him not to mention him

in any way while filing. Well, it was time to get out. He had been there before the doors were open, so how could the boss blame him? Comforting himself with this reflection, he cast a black look at Andrew and sidled out of the room.

"Who's his boss?" asked the registrar, busy preparing the papers.

"Silas Swinn," Andrew said.

"H'mm! Looks a little shady. These sheepmen—great on grabbing land. Glad you beat that Basque in, Mr. Carruthers. Real settlers are what the country needs. Wish you luck." And there was Jason with the precious paper in hand!

"That was a close shave," breathed Andrew as he drove down the street. "Now, I wonder how many fits this flivver will have on the way home?"

But the car behaved beautifully, and, tired but exultant, Andrew drove back in record time. He stopped just a moment to hear Lady Carruthers's excited and delighted comments, then drove on home to regale Sue and his parents with the day's exploits.

"Wonder how Silas Swinn will feel about a homesteader getting the best of him," said Sue, her eyes dancing. "O Andrew, I could hug you! Now if Larry Sullivan only wins his damage suit next week, maybe that old curmudgeon will begin to wake up."

Andrew laughed. "I'd like to hear what old Silas has to say to Bengoshea," he said.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## PANCHO AND THE LONGHORN

By Herbert Coolidge



Y father was an Englishman who came to California during the gold rush of '49. My mother belonged to one of the old Spanish families of Santa Barbara. They named me Francisco, but when I had grown up and was riding the range the vaqueros called me Pancho, which is the Spanish for Frankie, or little Frank. That was their way of smiling at my great size. Yes, before I was twenty-one they said of me, "He's as big as a bear," meaning a grizzly bear. I was strong too. There was one time, when I was head vaquero on Rancho El Toro, when I needed every ounce of strength I had. That was the day I had to fight a big, slab-sided range cow that we called Mooney.

We called this cow Mooney because she was always mooning off by herself. The vaqueros said that she was looking for a place where there was nothing to eat, or some hole to fall into. When she got into trouble and a vaquero tried to help her out, she would do her best to kill him. But of course all range cattle, and especially the old longhorns, are like that. If they are sick or cast or mired, they think that they are about to be devoured by wild animals. When you help them to their feet they will charge you, even though it is with their last breath. Mooney was especially bad; she would charge a man even when he was mounted.

I was riding out from the corral one forenoon when I saw Mooney down on the flat a little way below the ranch house. She had a month-old calf with her. The calf was a husky youngster, and white like his mother. Mrs. Morse, my employer's wife, was out in the yard. I heard her say to her six-year-old son: "See the dear little white calf. Isn't she sweet?" I said to myself: "I'll start said dear little sweet calf back for the high peaks, because his sour old mother might get into some kind of an argument with Mrs. Morse." I thought maybe Mrs. Morse would want the children to play with Mooney's calf.

You see, Mrs. Morse was peculiar. She was just out from New York City, where she had lived all her life, but she knew all about chasing cows and everything. You had to let her tell you or pack your saddle back to town. Her husband was a large, determined-looking man, but she bossed him too. They were rich folks; I guess they were ranching for fun.

I dropped in behind Mooney and her calf and was herding them on off the flat when I heard Mrs. Morse calling: "Pancho, what are you doing? I say, Pancho, what are you doing?"

I loped back to the ranch house and tried to explain that Mooney was a dangerous character. But Mrs. Morse said: "Nonsense! It's a great pity you can't find something more important to do than to chase that poor old white cow and her dear little calf out into those dry mountains where there's nothing to eat."

"Yes, ma'am," said I, and off I went. I knew better than to argue with Mrs. Morse.

I got out of sight in the brush as soon as I could. But I had an uneasy feeling and scouted round for a while looking over some cows that were feeding among the live oaks.

About half an hour later I heard a calf go *baaw-aw-aw-aw!* It came from the flat below the house; I rode as fast as I could in that direction. When I came out in the open I saw Mooney racing round a fenced-in bog hole. This bog hole was right beside a steep bank. It was fenced on the lower side to keep the cattle out, but not on top of the bank. I figured that Mooney had been fooling round above this place, and that Mooney the Second had lost his footing and slid down into the mud and water and bulrushes.

I knew exactly what to do so far as the cow and calf were concerned. But Mrs.

Morse was still out in the yard, and she began calling, "Pancho! What are you doing?" and so on. Not wanting the calf to drown while I was arguing with the *patrona*, I pretended not to hear her.

I knew, of course, that the first thing to do was to tie Madame Mooney to a fence post. That way I could fish the calf out without being gored. So I dropped my noose over her horns. She charged me the moment the noose tightened. But that was all right; sometimes that is the only way you can lead a mean cow. I just reined my horse over and rode alongside the fence. When Mooney was following straight behind me I flipped the slack of my reata over a fence post. I let my horse go a few jumps farther; then, keeping my dally tight on the saddle horn, I set my mount up.

It had to be a mighty quick stop all round, and Mooney was one mad cow when she was snubbed back by the post. As I made my end of the rope fast to another fence post she began to thrash about and bawl, making a great fuss. All this time I was careful not to look toward the house, because I kept hearing from that direction, "Pancho! what are you doing?" "Let that poor cow alone!" "The calf, Pancho! Save the calf!" and so on. I felt like minding, I can tell you, because Mrs. Morse was full of that power which makes folks want to mind. But I knew that nothing would make her

understand, and I didn't want the calf to drown. I was too much hurried and worried to think; otherwise I should have had sense enough to tie Mooney more securely to the fence. For I knew that a reata, being made of rawhide, sometimes burns when it is snubbed on a post, and that where it burns it is liable to break.

I took my horse-hair tie-rope down from the horn of my saddle, being careful to keep my back toward the ranch house. Then, as I started with my tie-rope for the bog hole, I suddenly realized that the voice behind me was getting louder. I looked round mighty quick then. And there was Mrs. Morse, trotting as fast as she could across the flat—a tall, fine-looking woman but badly hampered by her long skirts. Her children, baby Nora and Roy, were coming too. I stood there like a big dummy, wondering what in the world to do. I remember breaking into a sweat, as a horse does when he is badly scared. But I came to life in a second or two, and I shouted as loud as I could:

"You go back to the house and take those children with you. If that crazy cow gets loose, she'll kill you sure!"

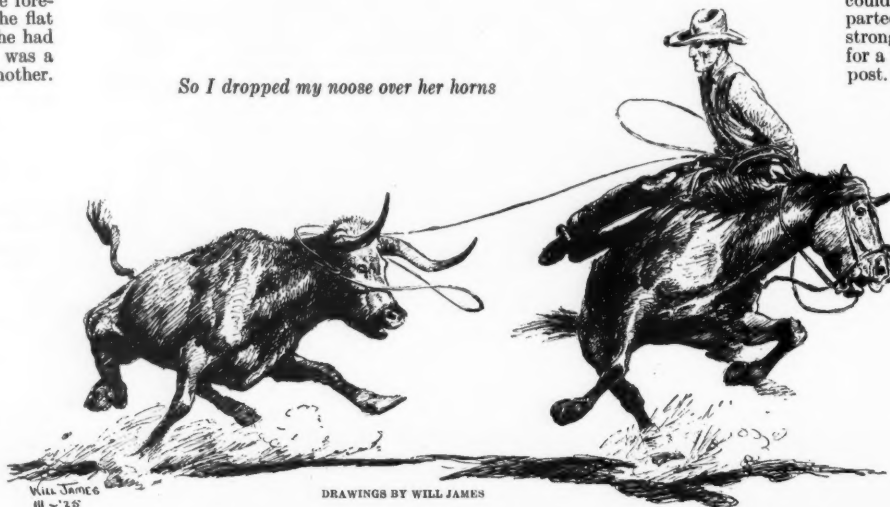
Did Mrs. Morse go back? She kept coming faster! Roy was keeping right alongside of her. Baby Nora had stopped on the bank of a deep, narrow drain ditch that crossed the flat and began screaming because she couldn't get across.

I started back toward Mooney, intending to put my horse-hair rope on her so that she couldn't possibly break loose; then my reata parted. Mooney was thin, but bigger and stronger than she looked. She was too much for a reata that had been burned on a fence post. She must have been making a lunge in the direction of the house when the reata broke, because she headed straight for Mrs. Morse, who had on a red sweater.

Mrs. Morse's only thought then was for the baby. She gathered up her skirts in one hand and ran. She must have thought that little Roy could run as fast as she could, because she left him to shift for himself. The poor youngster did his little best, but he couldn't keep up with his mother now.

When Mrs. Morse reached the drain ditch where baby Nora had stopped she leaped across, grabbed up her child and ran on. Roy was terribly scared by the cow. He was looking back over his shoulder at her, and he blundered right into the ditch. It was about three feet deep, filled to the top with water weeds, and had soft black mud in

So I dropped my noose over her horns



Will James  
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DRAWINGS BY WILL JAMES



the bottom. All this was very lucky for the boy, because he got tangled up in the weeds and mud and stayed out of sight until the cow had passed him.

I started on a run for Roy; I knew that he would be crawling out of that ditch pretty soon, and that if the cow saw him nothing could save him. I went on foot because my horse, being a young animal and not well broken to stand, had wandered off. I should have tied him, but, being bossed too much, I had done everything wrong.

Mooney was long, slab-sided and limber-legged—a regular dragon of a longhorn; and it was terrible the way she gained on Mrs. Morse. I gave the mother and her baby up for lost. My only thought as I ran forward was that perhaps I could save little Roy.

Mrs. Morse, with baby Nora under one arm, was running straight for the house. She ran very fast, too, holding her skirts with her free hand. She didn't scream—not a sound. She just ran. She didn't even look round. She ran for the open gate and the open door of the old adobe ranch house.

Mooney had almost caught up with Mrs. Morse and baby Nora when they reached the garden gate. She had her horns cocked for the final charge. But with the white cow's horns just behind her Mrs. Morse darted in through the open doorway.

Mooney's feet slid in all directions the moment she hit the smooth floor of the porch. Down she went with a crazy *baw-aw-aw-aw*. She landed in a sprawl and slid clear into the front hall through the open door. She made a terrible bellowing, clattering with her hoofs and bumping against the walls, as she tried to regain her feet. Mrs. Morse, who, as I learned later, was now behind a locked door in a bedroom, thought that the cow was trying to tear the house down to get at her.

A smooth floor makes very poor footing for a hoofed animal. But Mooney got up somehow, and all too soon for me and Roy. She came, sprawling and floundering, out through the door again. All this time the calf was bawling like a good fellow. I judged he had landed astraddle of the bulrushes. He wasn't being drowned, that was certain.

Mooney saw me the moment she got out of the house, because I was directly between her and her bawling calf. I had Roy under my arm and had started for the fence. But when I saw the longhorn heading for me I knew that she could catch me before I got half way to the wires. So I whirled round and ran back to the drain ditch.

Old Mooney was making the dust fly. She was flourishing those long white horns of

hers and acting about as crazy as a range cow ever gets. I put Roy down on the ground. I kept his back turned to the cow so that he wouldn't see her. I took him by the shoulders and made him stand on his two feet, so he would quit crying. Then I gave him a little shake, just enough to get his attention.

"Now look here," I said. "We're in trouble, and you must do your part. You must get down in that narrow ditch and

in the fleshy part of the leg. It knocked me over and shoved me along for a few feet. But I gave a big flop and came up with a bounce. My leg felt numb and dragged a little, but I hardly realized that she had hooked me. Before she could stop and wheel round to get on top of me with her horns, I was back on the other side of the ditch. I now noticed where the soft bank had caved a little under one of her feet, and I knew that this had slowed her down a little, just



*I clung there, keeping my feet out forward*

stay there in the weeds and not make a sound while I fight the cow. Will you do that?" He looked right up at me, shaking his head forward to say yes and choking back his crying. "All right," I said. "That's a promise. Just crawl down there into the weeds and the cow will never see you." I spoke in a slow, sure way as though there were nothing to fear and as if he were a big boy who could easily understand.

The moment I had Roy under cover I ran down the ditch. I had time to go about a hundred feet before turning to meet the cow's charge. The drain ditch was wider there and not so deep. I figured that the jump across the ditch would bother Mooney and give me a better chance to dodge her.

The best bullfighter in the world wouldn't start a fuss with a "bronco cow." Whereas a bull closes his eyes when he charges, a cow keeps her eyes wide open. I wanted mightily to get down into the ditch myself, but I knew she would come floundering in on top of me and crush me down into the mud.

Mooney came at me like a whirlwind. When she was just across the ditch from me I threw my hat in her face and jumped aside. But that great cat of a cow reached out a horn as she passed and gave me a dirty prod

enough to save me. So I saw that the dodging game was no good, not with crazy Mooney.

My hat was lying where it had fallen, and I had it in my hand when the cow again came charging. This time, just as I hurled the hat, I feinted a dodge to the left; then, as the hat flapped her square in the face I dodged to the right. This time I fooled her—it gave me my opening, a chance to take a chance. In the moment that those long white horns of hers were going by me I fell for them from behind. I fell fast and hard, and I knew just where to grab her. The next moment there I was, with my right elbow hooked over her neck, my right handhold on the base of her right horn, and my left handhold out midway on her left horn. It was about the same grip that a cowboy bulldogger takes nowadays at the rodeos when he wrestles a steer to the ground. But they always bulldog steers. Cows are too quick and too caty.

Mooney could not run with me hanging on her head. And she couldn't hook me because I was behind her horns. But she could wheel this way and that, and she could thrash her head from side to side. She was crazy mad from the smell of blood from my leg. I clung there, keeping my feet out

forward so that she could not trample me beneath her.

In almost no time my breath was coming in gasps and the sweat was pouring out all over me. My leg, for the size of its wound, was bleeding very freely. The cow was getting crazier and crazier, and I was getting weaker and weaker.

In my desperation I thought of the ditch. Up to this time I had just been hanging on. But now I began to fight for my life with all the strength that was left me. I knew that the ditch had a miry bottom and that the banks were steep and soft. If I could wrestle her into that place I would have her where she couldn't hurt the little boy. I knew that there was danger of my being crushed against the bank or smothered in the mud, but there was nothing else for it; I had to take a chance.

I soon found that I couldn't wrestle the cow in the direction that I wanted her to go. But, by using all my strength, I could block her when she moved away from the ditch. So every time her flouncing took her toward the ditch I helped her—I would shove then till my joints and muscles popped.

I was about twenty feet from the ditch when I began this game. It took me forever to get close to the bank; at least so I thought. Twice a black curtain seemed to spread down over my eyes, and I held on in the darkness waiting for light to come again.

At last, on the very edge of the ditch, I thought that I could not hold out one second longer. Then, just as the black curtain began to come again, I felt that the bank under the cow's right hoof was caving. And all of a sudden the power to lift rose high in me—it made me warm and strong all over. And I gave Mooney a great shove. She staggered, resisted me a moment, then down we went. She slid in feet first and sank deep into the mud, as far as the bulk of her body would let her. I was wedged in between her neck and the bank. She would have crushed me if she had struggled; but between being mired in the mud and wedged between the banks she could hardly wriggle. Everything turned black for me then, and I wilted.

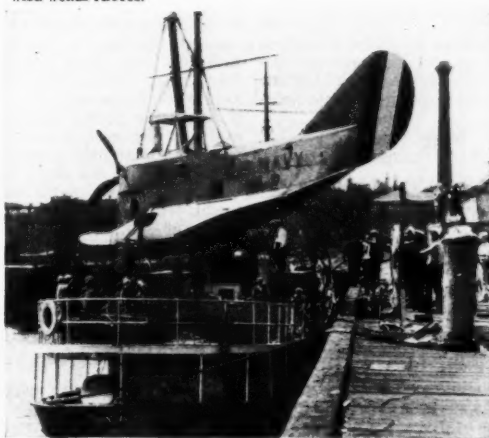
The next thing I knew they were digging us out. Mrs. Morse's husband and two vaqueros were working. But Mrs. Morse wasn't there telling them just what to do and just how to do it! No, she was in the house.

I heard a weary little *baw-aw* rising up from the bog hole, and I thought, Mooney Number Two is like myself, kind of tired; but he's still got his nose above the mud.

Yes, my leg got well all right. And with me living like a king in the best bedroom of the ranch house.

## THIS BUSY WORLD

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS.



*One of MacMillan's amphibian airplanes loaded on the steamer Peary at the Wisconsin pier. The wings have been removed and shipped separately*

WE spoke the other day of the new Night Mail between New York and Chicago, and of the thirty-two great beacon lights that have been erected to guide the airplanes on their way. These beacons are twenty-five miles apart, and their light can be seen fifty miles away in clear weather. But they are tiny flares compared with the great beacon that has been erected for a similar purpose on Mont Afrique, a hill near Dijon, France. That shows a light of one billion candle power. It can be seen at a distance of two hundred and forty miles when the air is clear, and at least half that distance under ordinary conditions. Other beacons like it will be set up at other strategic points on the international air lines of Europe.

THE preliminary estimates of the Department of Agriculture point to a very large corn crop this year, and a wheat crop considerably smaller than in 1924. Last year corn fell below the average, both in quality and quantity. According to present indications we shall raise 3,095,000,000 bushels of corn this year, more than 500,000,000 bushels above last year's crop. On the other hand, the July estimate for the entire wheat crop was only 680,000,000 bushels, which is almost 200,000,000 bushels less than we raised last year. Canada, which had a decidedly short crop of wheat in 1924, will have an average crop this year.

THE officers of the International Garment Workers' Union, a union that is composed very largely of Jewish workers, many of them born in Russia, have thought it worth while to issue a manifesto to the members of the organization, warning them against the attempts of Communist agents

to get control of it. There does not appear to be any very strong Communist sentiment within the union; the circumstances of the garment workers have improved so much of late years, thanks largely to the intelligent way their union has been conducted, that there is far less discontent among them than there used to be. But the membership is of a kind that the Russian Communists think especially susceptible to their arguments, and they are continually though silently at

work within the organization. Incidentally, the manifesto calls attention to the fact that there are fourteen daily Communist papers in the United States, at least eight weeklies and several monthly magazines. Probably none of them have enough circulation to pay for themselves; some have no income whatever. The officers of the Garment Workers' Union assert that the money to support these papers comes directly from the Communist International at Mos-

cow, though that is a matter difficult of proof.

A DEPUTATION from Belgium is in Washington, discussing with our Treasury officials possible arrangements for funding and discharging the debt Belgium owes to the United States. France is to send over a similar commission in the near future. The newspapers have reported that M. Caillaux, the French Minister of Finance, will himself be a member of that commission; but he will not know until the time comes whether he can leave Paris long enough to make the journey. Italy is not yet ready to begin conferences on the debt it owes us.

MR. BERNARD M. BARUCH, the New York banker who was chairman of the War Industries Board, has given \$250,000 to the Walter Hines Page School of Industrial Relations at Johns Hopkins University. The money will be devoted to a study of the whole subject of profiteering in war and the possibility of preventing or discouraging war by making it impossible for anyone to make a profit out of it. Our readers will remember that we spoke editorially of the Page School a few weeks ago. The letters we have received show that it is a project that deeply interests many of The Companion's subscribers.

THE Department of Agriculture, basing its estimate on a survey of 25,000 farms, guesses that there are 31,134,000 persons living on the farms of the country. That is about 182,000 fewer than lived there a year ago, according to the same authority. The loss was borne by the Middle West and the plains states; in New England and the South there was, apparently, a slight increase of population on farms.



# FACT AND COMMENT



**IT IS SAFE** to count on the fact that no man is really as wise or as foolish as he appears to be.

God-given, not to Wound, but still to Ward,  
Your Wit should be a Buckler, not a Sword.

THE STATE POLICE in Rhode Island recently promulgated an order that automobiles should run at thirty-five miles an hour on the through highways. Only a few years ago a speed of over twenty miles was illegal. The change is the inevitable result of greater familiarity with the automobile and the increasing number of cars. Traffic has simply got to be kept moving nowadays; the likelihood of accident is probably not so great in a steadily and rapidly moving stream of cars as in a congestion where collisions are frequent and the impatient driver is constantly tempted to "take chances."

THOSE WHO have ever visited London will remember the "pavement artists," men who make drawings with colored chalks upon the flagstones of the sidewalks by way of appealing to the charity of the passers-by. Of course these men almost always draw crudely and have only the most rudimentary ideas about art; but one young fellow has come up from the pavements, to do clever caricatures that the Westminster Gazette is glad to print and to paint landscapes that are bought by connoisseurs. His name is Alfred Lowe, and he was a coal miner at Nottingham before he took to drawing pictures on the London pavements.

A RECENT DECREE obliges all high-school boys in Soviet Russia to study military science and attend three months at least in military camps. The girl students are to be given training as nurses. Like all governments that rest upon the will of a determined minority, the soviets mean to have a strong army to depend upon. As long as they can control the army, there is no other power they need fear. But armies sometimes get out of hand; especially if the government grows weak or corrupt. So far the soviet government is neither; its only difficulty is on the economic side, where its theories have not produced the prosperity that the leaders expected.

## THE FRENCH FINANCES

THE best evidence that the French people, statesmen and citizens alike, are awake to the critical nature of their financial situation is the quiet way in which they have accepted M. Caillaux's plan for dealing with the floating debt, the budget and the falling franc. A year or two ago no one could have carried such proposals through the Chamber; and when we remember how hostile a great part of the French people is to Caillaux personally it appears certain that only a general agreement upon the necessity of his measures prevents his enemies from making a vigorous attack on them.

Briefly, the immediate crisis arises from the fact that bond issues amounting to twenty-one billion francs fall due this year. Since the entire French budget, balanced with great difficulty, amounts to only thirty-four billion francs, the outlook is discouraging in the extreme. But M. Caillaux proposes, first, an increase in the note circulation of ten billion francs. Then he offers to the bondholders the opportunity of refunding their securities in four-per-cent bonds, which are payable, principal and interest, in gold francs—which means that, whatever becomes of the exchange value of the franc, the government will protect these bonds against depreciation. Finally he proposes higher taxes, higher by at least four billion francs a year.

The increase of the note issue is dangerously like inflation of course, but it is inflation that appears to be necessary, owing to the mistakes and the timidities of earlier finance ministers. M. Caillaux does not mean to proceed any farther along that road if he can help it. The increased taxation, unwelcome as it will be to the frugal French taxpayer, is expected to keep the annual budget balanced and so to protect the franc from declining in value. The new gold bonds,

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS.



White Court, Swampscott, Massachusetts, where the President is spending his vacation. The President and Mrs. Coolidge on the lawn

which are to be issued for long terms at a saving both in interest and in costs of administration, are expected to replace most of the awkward floating debt that is the nightmare of all French financiers.

By all these expedients M. Caillaux hopes to stabilize the franc at 5.12 cents, a little more than a quarter of its pre-war value. If he succeeds, the franc will very likely settle down to that value, which is not far from that of the rentenmark in the new gold currency of Germany. The holders of the old French securities will have lost a good part of their capital, but not nearly so much as the German bondholders did during the orgy of inflation that swept that country two or three years ago.

The most fundamental feature of the new financing is the increased taxation, for upon that M. Caillaux relies to maintain the value of the franc and so to make his new bonds profitable to the government. If the franc can be stabilized, France can carry its burden. If it continues to fall, the road to further inflation of the currency will be open and France may pass through something like the disastrous experience of Germany.

If it were not for one thing the prospect would be very hopeful. That one thing is the war in Morocco in which the French have got themselves engaged as a result of the long-standing conflict between the Moors and the Spaniards in the neighboring Spanish Morocco. A long-drawn-out and expensive war would put a strain on the French financial structure that, under present conditions, it might not be able to bear. An early peace in Morocco would be the salvation of M. Caillaux and his ingenious calculations. Unfortunately peace in Morocco does not seem to be in the immediate prospect.

## THE TRIAL AT DAYTON

IN spite of all the unnecessary and often undignified advertisement it received, the trial of young Mr. Scopes, the Tennessee school-teacher, for violating a state law against the teaching of the theory of evolution in the public schools, has two aspects of great importance.

In the first place, it raises the question whether the state has the right to oblige teachers in the common schools to give instruction in certain subjects according to the will of the representatives of the people in the legislature. Those who support the Tennessee law argue that the teachers, as paid servants of the state, are properly bound to teach whatever the majority of the people desire, and not to teach whatever that majority objects to. The other party regard this doctrine as opposed to the public interest and indeed to the Constitution. They believe that the majority of the people or of their representatives are not competent to determine what the schools ought to teach or what is the real content of human knowledge in any particular field.

In the nature of things this is not a question that any trial judge or any jury can finally determine. It will certainly be taken before the Supreme Court of the United

States, which is the only tribunal that can definitely decide what are the constitutional powers of the state.

The trial at Dayton might well have been confined to an examination of this point, which is the only one that the courts can properly deal with. But the occasion was seized by the two schools of opinion on religious and scientific thought into which our people are divided to create a public forum for the discussion of the question whether modern scientific thought is contradictory to the teaching of the Bible, and, if it is found to be so, whether it is mistaken and false. That is a very much greater and more difficult question than the legal problem to which we have referred. It is a question that has already threatened to divide several of the great Protestant churches. It is fundamental to all human thinking and all social organization. People feel strongly about it, of course, for they feel that the essential truth is at stake. The trial of this unimportant young schoolmaster in a secluded little town among the Tennessee mountains takes on historical significance because it gave a dramatic opportunity for the leaders of what we may call the conservative and radical schools of thought to present their cases to an aroused and interested public.

It is evident that on this point, too, the Dayton trial can determine nothing. It can, and probably it will, stimulate an immense amount of reading and thinking and feeling on this very important question. It is our hope that there will be enough earnest and thoughtful study, provoked by the proceedings at Dayton, to enable Americans to make up their minds intelligently and conscientiously upon it. We must not lose our hold on religious truth. We cannot afford to abandon the patient search after the facts and laws of nature. We can be sure that the true religion and the true science are in harmony, for both are explanations of the nature of God and of his dealings with the world. We dare not doubt that the result of this, as of all other human struggles, will be a further step in the demonstration of ultimate truth to mankind.

## PRESIDENTIAL VACATIONS

NOTHING is more indicative of the increased responsibility and strain of the Presidential office than the kind of vacation the Chief Magistrate is permitted to enjoy. In the days of the fathers there was no hullabaloo about the President's vacation. He didn't always feel the need of one anyway; for official business at Washington was likely to be light when Congress was not in session, and he could often get all the rest he needed by occasional short trips into the beautiful country that lies about the national capital. When he did want a real vacation he was likely to go quietly home, meet the old friends, renew his memories of less arduous days, ride or drive about the country roads and perhaps catch a few fish, if he was a brother of the angle. No one bothered much about him; he didn't have to submit himself to the view of a stream of

curious fellow citizens; photographers did not cumber his front lawn; he could take a stroll, if he wanted to, without being accompanied by a bevy of detectives, who might or might not be congenial walking companions.

How changed it all is now! The President has to find a magnificent estate to pass his vacation in, big enough to house an *entourage* of clerks and secret-service men and servants that would crowd the Executive Mansion at Washington. Everyone calls this place the Summer White House, and the name is appropriate, for there, or near by, an amount of executive business is daily discharged not much less than that which the President has to handle when he is in Washington. He cannot stir without an escort of secret-service men. The newspapers chronicle every move he makes with gossipy particularity. Crowds of sight-seers throng about the gates of his dwelling and are often admitted to gratify him by giving him a chance to shake their hands. How he gets any rest we cannot imagine. We doubt if he does.

There is probably no way of avoiding this sort of thing. If there were, President Coolidge would pretty certainly have found it, for no one doubts that he would very much rather spend a vacation in some such retired spot as, let us say, Plymouth Notch, Vermont, than amid the bustle and elegance of White Court. But the people don't want the President to have a real rest, and, if they did, the unending routine of his executive duties would make it pretty nearly impossible. Gone are the days when Grover Cleveland could slip on his oilskins and his rubber boots, call for old Joe Jefferson and put out from the Gray Gables pier for a try at the bluefish. The Presidency is the greatest and most conspicuous office anywhere in the world, and it gets bigger and more conspicuous every year. The man who fills it cannot escape from the spotlight even for twenty-four hours.

## THE STARS THIS WEEK

IT is still easy to see the Scorpion in the south, but to see the Big Dipper you must turn the other way and look high to the northwest. If you know which way is north, it will be the best plan to lie flat on the ground with feet to the north. Then you will see the Dipper with its handle toward you and the bowl at the farther end and opening toward you. The diagram should be held up overhead to give the proper view of this constellation.

These seven stars look most like a dipper in the fall evenings, when the constellation turns to a natural position with the bowl near the northern horizon and the handle toward the west. You will not see it in this position during August unless you rise in the small hours. The Dipper can be seen all the year round and is the first thing to be sought by the traveler's eye when he wishes to make sure of his direction. The two stars in the end of the bowl away from the handle are called Alpha and Beta, Beta being the one at the bottom of the bowl. In most constellations the Greek letters are assigned in order of brightness, but in the Dipper they follow in order round the bowl and out the handle, not skipping Delta, the fainter one where the handle joins the bowl. The order is: Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta, Epsilon, Zeta, Eta. Alpha and Beta are also called "the Pointers," and a line starting at Beta, running through Alpha and five times farther reaches Polaris, the north star. Polaris is very near the pivotal point (marked x) about which the heavens seem to turn, and this makes it useful for finding the true north.

The sailors of Columbus noticed that the compass began to swing away from the north star. In the United States the magnetic needle swings too far west in the eastern part and too far east in the western part. This is because the north magnetic pole, which is always moving, is not in the same place as the actual north pole, or axis of the earth, which determines the pole of the heavens.





## A tale of courage and hardihood that every American boy should read

**L**ATE last January the city of Nome, Alaska, was fast in the grip of a terrible epidemic—diphtheria. And the available supply of antitoxin to fight the plague was rapidly diminishing. Nome was in a desperate plight. So the call for aid went out.

Turn now to Gunnar Kasson, champion dog team driver, mushing his huskies through the bitter night; in his possession a supply of the precious antitoxin. Nome *must* be saved! Yes—though a temperature of 40 below cut to the bone of man and beast. Though a furious, killing blizzard tore out of the North, savagely lashing the bearers of Nome's salvation. On they pushed, torturing hour after hour; grimly, doggedly fighting through. Think of it! Magnificent!

Kasson conquered! And how? Courage? Yes, but more than that—strength, vitality . . . endurance. The same qualities that American boys so ardently admire, and desire for themselves. And these desirable qualities can be developed. By getting enough fresh air and exercise—enough sleep, and, very important, by eating the right foods. If your food contains the elements that give

strength and vigor, then your body will be strong and vigorous.

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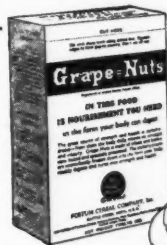
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# PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

## THE WREN THAT COULDN'T DECIDE

By Margaret Ward

ONE blizzardy March day Dick and Dolly asked father to make them some bird houses. He made Dolly's first, out of a tin pail. He put the cover on and sealed it round with sealing wax. About halfway up the side he cut a hole the size of a quarter. Then he covered the tin with birch bark and fastened a twig below the hole, for a front step for Mr. and Mrs. Bird. "Hang it up by the wire handle," said father. "This is a wren box, and wrens like swinging houses."

"I want a wren house too," said

DRAWN BY EDWARD SANBORN



## THE GRILLA

By Ladd Frisby Morse

THERE once was a beast called a grilla, Who lived in a big weeping willa. He sat on the ground, without making a sound, And grew stilla and stilla and stilla.

Now, children, don't copy the grilla; It's right to be still, but not stilla; For listen to what was this animal's lot: They used the poor beast for a pilla.

## THE SERENADE

By Nancy Byrd Turner

WAKE up, wake up,  
Nid and Nodder!  
All the stars are out.  
Bats are slipping, frogs are skipping,  
Fireflies down the dark are dipping—  
What are you about?

Get up, Winker; get up, Blinker!  
There's a wind that blows  
Through the garden, twinkle, twinkle,  
Setting every rose a-tinkle  
Gayly, as it goes.

Ho, Nightcapper, you and Napper,  
Lean far out and see  
How the moon is big and mellow  
Hurry, every single fellow,  
Join the jollity!

Dick. "Bluebirds nest in the orchard every year, but we've never had wrens. Maybe if a wren came flying along he wouldn't see one house, but he couldn't miss two."

Father made Dick's house out of thin boards: a little brown house with a pointed roof and a real front step below the door.

"Put them up now," said father, "so they'll weather a bit before your wrens come."

Dick nailed his house to the top of a post in the grape trellis. Dolly hung hers in the early apple tree. Dick liked his house, and Dolly liked her house, but what really mattered was which would the wren like?

For ever and ever so long there wasn't any wren. A bold English sparrow tried to move into Dolly's box, but the door was only wren size. A pair of bluebirds sat on the grape trellis and mourned because Dick's box just suited them—all except the door. (But they built in their regular hole in the orchard; so that was all right.) Still no wrens came.

Not until the 10th of May, when the children came home from school, did mother say, "I've heard a wren."

"Which box?" Dick and Dolly asked together.

"I didn't see him near either," said mother, "because I didn't see him at all. I just heard him trilling and trilling down by the barn."

So Dolly stared out of a side window at her box, and Dick stared out of a back window at his, but nothing more was heard or seen of the wren that night.

The next morning before breakfast Dick heard a bird singing in the pear tree.

"That's your wren," said mother. "Listen! He always trills and warbles just the same way; so if you've noticed this song once, you'll always know it."

During breakfast the wren moved round to Dolly's apple tree. By the time the children were about to start for school he had hopped on the roof of her box twice.

"You keep watch, mommie," begged Dolly.

## FOUR O'CLOCK

Verse and Drawing by  
Verna Grisier McCully

BILLY doesn't need a watch  
To tell the time, like you and me.  
When lazy four-o'clocks wake up  
He knows it's nearly time for tea.



"Watch my box too," said Dick, trying not to be disappointed.

You never can tell about wrens. At noon that bird was in the garden, hunting twigs and carrying them into Dick's house. Once he brought a very long twig that wouldn't go in. It stuck and it stuck, and finally it fell to the ground. The wren hopped on top of Dick's house and sang. Then he hopped down after the long twig again, and this time in it went.

In the afternoon that wren was fussing round Dolly's box again!

"We don't care which box he takes," Dick said to his mother that night, "if he only stays. But doesn't it take two wrens for a nest? Where's the other?"

Mother didn't know. "They look just alike," she said, "but the father seems to sing more."





Dick and Dolly looked carefully and decided that there was just one wren. He sang and sang and sang, so he must be a father. He loved to work. He carried twigs all day, first into Dick's house, then into Dolly's! After every flight he sang a song of victory.

All of a sudden one day there were two wrens singing and carrying twigs. But after Jenny Wren appeared they stayed mostly round Dick's box. Mother read in the bird book that father wrens build "false nests," to put people and cats and bigger birds—all the creatures they are afraid of—off the track of the real nest. Then Dolly saw that her box had a false nest in it, and Dick's had the real one.

The next thing those wrens did was to go away. Dick was very unhappy about it, but Dolly said, "They've gone on their wedding trip. Pretty soon they'll come back and settle down."

They came back,—after two lonesome mornings,—but they never settled down.

"If Jenny Wren has laid eggs in my box," said Dick, "why isn't she sitting on them and keeping them warm?"

"She must be a very poor house-keeper and a very bad mother," said Dolly indignantly; "she gads round so much."

In June the wrens were busy catching things to eat. Little white moths seemed to be their favorite catch. One day Dick, standing near his box, thought he heard peepings inside it. Dolly listened too. "I'm afraid it's only your imagination," she said. "I just saw Mr. Wren go into my box."

So the question wasn't really decided until early July, when Dick saw a baby wren fly right out of his box. He and mother and Dolly watched until four more little round, fat, no-tailed baby wrens flew out. For two days the syringa bush was full of faint baby twitterings and anxious mother-and-father callings, and then the wrens all went off to some secret place of their own.

"I think it was Jenny that couldn't decide," said Dick. "Girls are like that."

"Well, then they are the ones who make things exciting," answered Dolly.

## Princess Norma's Coat

By E. W. Frenz

THERE was once a little princess named Norma, whose father and mother, the King and Queen, loved her very dearly and gave her nearly everything that she asked for; so when she said one day that she wanted a new plaid coat the Mistress of the Wardrobe called the sewing maids together and set them at work cutting and basting and stitching; and in the morning the new plaid coat lay on a chair by the princess's bed, all finished.

It pleased her greatly at first, so that she put it on as soon as she was dressed in the morning and was hardly willing to lay it off at night. But when she had had it only a week she went to

drive one day with the king and queen in the royal coach and on the road she saw another little girl who had a coat much like her own, but in larger plaids.

As soon as the Princess Norma was back at her father's castle she took off her coat and threw it on the floor. "I shall never wear it again," she said. "I must have one with larger plaids."

So once more the Mistress of the Wardrobe called the sewing maids together, and once more there was cutting and basting and stitching, and in the morning a new coat, in larger plaids.

For a time that coat, too, pleased the princess, but then a cousin, the Princess Maud, came to visit at the Castle, and she had a coat in which the plaids were even larger than those in the Princess Norma's; so that night the Princess Norma again threw her coat on the floor and refused to wear it.

"No one shall have a coat with larger plaids than mine," she said and stamped her foot. Her father, the king, and her mother, the queen, talked gently to her and tried to make her see that a coat with very large plaids did not look well on so small a princess, but it was of no use. A new coat she must have, with plaids larger than those of the Princess Maud. So the Mistress of the Wardrobe and the tired women were sent to search all the shops, and at last they found some goods that had plaids just the size of the black and white marble tiles in the castle floor, and of it they made still a third coat.

When it was finished and the Princess Norma put it on she was delighted and would hardly let it out of her sight, though all the ladies of the court whispered behind their fans that it did not look well at all, for the plaids were so large that there were only three of them on the whole coat.

When the princess had worn the coat only four days she happened to look out of the castle window one morning and saw a shepherd going along the road with a cloak on his back that had plaids half again as large as those on her new coat. This time she threw her coat on the floor and danced and screamed with anger, so that the king and the queen came running to see what was the matter.

"This time I will take the matter in hand myself," said the King. "There shall be a coat for the Princess Norma with plaids so large that there can never be any larger. And he ordered his horse and rode away.

The next morning the new coat was lying by the princess's bed, but it was black all over. "Why, what is this?" she cried. "It was a plaid coat that I wanted, and this is all one color, with no plaids at all!"

"Oh, no," said the King, "this is a plaid coat, but the plaids are so large that there is only one of them in the whole of it. That one plaid goes as far as you can see. No plaid can be larger than that, and so you have your wish and you must wear it till it is worn out. There will be no more new ones till then."

So that is why the Princess Norma had to wear an ugly black coat for years and years, for the piece of goods that the king had chosen was a very fine one.

## Has your boy ever passed his dish for a second helping of cereal?

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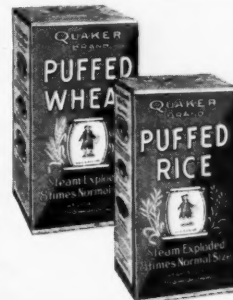
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## THE MIRACLE

A DELIGHTFUL story comes from the Christian Medical Missions in Bagdad. In the lovely date-palm gardens of the city a thief was discovered, not long ago, robbing one of the trees of its luscious fruit. The owner, a hasty, passionate man, promptly shot him, and the man fell from the top of a lofty palm to the ground. He was hurried away to the Christian hospital, with a bullet in his body, a broken arm and a shattered leg. On his way he begged to be put beneath a Moslem roof, even if it were a prison, rather than be left in the clutches of dogs of infidels. But, as he was a criminal, his captors paid no attention to his wishes.

At the hospital they speedily put him under an anesthetic, extracted the bullet, set his broken limbs, and before long he was comfortably settled on a palm-fabric cot, trussed up with dressings, but alive and likely to get well. For a long time he was very suspicious and surly and would have little to say to the missionary whenever he attempted to converse with him. But gradually he yielded to the kind treatment he received and one day he astonished the missionary with the remark, "This is a miracle! It's a place of miracles!"

"We deal," replied the missionary, "with much more difficult cases than yours, Ibrahim. You should see some of them."

"Ah! That is not my meaning," replied the man. "As I have been lying here I have seen rich men come to the door of this hospital and offer jewels even to half their wealth to the surgeon to come and attend their wives and children; but always he says, 'The poor must come first'; and he who might be so rich slaves here in the heat night and day for wretches like me, who can give him nothing. That is a miracle!"

Indeed, so touched was Ibrahim by the loving sacrifice of his new friends that he simply had to be turned away from the hospital when he was recovered.

"But what can I do for you, sir?" he begged. "Is there nothing I can do?"

"Yes," replied the surgeon, "send me some more patients."

"Allah!" cried Ibrahim. "Here is a man who might have all the world if he asked for it, and all he wants is more work. You are a miracle, sir! But I will do something for you. Do you like dates, sir?"

"Yes, I like the dates," said the surgeon, smiling.

"Then, sir, let me know when you want some, and I'll always steal them for you!"

The missionary and the surgeon shook their heads over their patient, as he left them, and one remarked to the other, "Another miracle is wanted there, but evidently we've made some impression. Let us have hope that the rest will come in time."

## THAT LITTLE CANDLE

IN her most interesting biography, John Keats, published only a few months before her death, Miss Amy Lowell tells once more the ever-touching story of the great English poet's sickness and death in Rome, tended only by his faithful friend, the artist, Joseph Severn. In a strange city, among a people terrified at the word consumption, and with no proper conditions or skilled nursing available, even had they not been straitened for money, there were times when poor Severn—keeping as much of his worry and exhaustion from the invalid as he could—scarcely knew which way to turn or how to drive himself to do all that he must. But he never for a moment failed his friend. He cooked, he cleaned, he swept, he tended, he watched, with a heart-broken courage and patience that have given him a finer and firmer hold on remembrance and gratitude than the best achievements of his brush. Keats would occasionally refuse food. Severn would

sometimes prepare his meals six times over, in the hope of tempting his appetite, keeping from him the trouble he had in doing it.

At times Keats would not even attempt to eat, says Miss Lowell. Once Severn made him a cup of coffee, but he threw it away; this was repeated a second time with the same result. On Severn's appearing still a third time with more coffee Keats was ashamed and deeply affected. Yet, throughout all these weeks Keats's mind was occasionally capable of its old elasticity and charm. Severn, who sat up night after night, sometimes fell asleep from sheer exhaustion. Fearing that some night the candle might burn out while he slept and Keats wake in darkness, he one evening tried the experiment of fastening a thread from the bottom of one candle to the wick of another. Keats awoke just as the first candle was guttering out, and while he waited, not liking to call Severn, the thread ignited and successfully bore the flame to the second candle, at which Keats suddenly cried out: "Severn! Severn! Here's a little fairy lamp-lighter actually lit up the other candle!"

The candle that it lit was more than one of wax; for more than a century its glow has lighted a picture of the dying poet's grateful surprise, and his friend's tender and faithful service.

How far that little candle throws his beams!  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

## OH, IS SHE DUMB!

A CONSIDERABLE experience with animals, big and little, has convinced Mr. Courtney Ryley Cooper, author of *Lions 'n' Tigers 'n' Everything*, that there is a smaller proportion of brains in the camel than in any other creature of anything like the camel's pretensions. He says on this point:

As for the baby camel—here, ladies-s-s-s 'n' gents, is the prize fool of the whole animal kingdom. When Nature devised the camel, somebody carried away the brains, leaving the finished article, especially in babyhood, the most idiotic, dunce-like oaf that ever struggled about on four legs. For instance, in the course of its wanderings the baby camel may walk up to a brick wall. It doesn't know enough to go round it; it merely stands there, butting its head against the obstacle, or standing in amazement, waiting for the wall to move! When it isn't doing something like that it is getting in the way of the horses, the men, the elephants or anything else that happens to come along, not because it is obstinate, but simply because it doesn't know enough to get out of the way. The only other thing it does is to stand and bawl. It will bawl for hours at a time, apparently taking delight in the unmusical flatness of its voice.

While this is going on the mother is bawling also for her prize numskull to come again to her side, and the concert continues for an hour or so before the child finally understands that somebody who feeds it desires its company at home. But does the poor idiot obey the command? It does not. Frantically, and with an added bawling, it goes to every other member of the camel herd before it finds its own mother!

As a reward for which, the camel mother promptly knocks down her senseless offspring, spits at it and then bites it on the head, probably knowing, in her motherly way, that there is less sensitiveness there than anywhere else!

## A CLUB-THROWING ELK

HUMPHREYS HOWLAND owned a fine farm, 247 acres in extent, in Cayuga County, New York. Also, he owned some three thousand other acres, much of it in woodland, in that vicinity. Two miles from Aurora, near the lake, he established a seventeen-acre deer park, containing a fine little herd of Virginia whitetails. The park was surrounded by a picket fence, twelve feet high, with the palings painted white, except along a few rods of one side, where a board fence was raised to the required height by wire.

In one corner of the deer park, writes Mr. Raymond S. Spears, about three acres were fenced off to confine a ferocious bull elk of tall, rangy frame, whose horns every year were of fine growth and great length. In this enclosure there were two trees, which bore every year bushels of early sweet apples.

Those apples were the envy and the temptation of the passing village boys. They saw them hanging yellow on the branches. They broke one of the pickets, so they could squeeze through into the elk yard. Taking a club, or chunk of wood, the boys would throw at the apples, and then would come a race.

When the bull elk heard the crash of the stick among the branches, he would awaken from his midday doze. If an apple fell, he would make a dash, at top speed, to seize it, for he liked the fruit as well as the boys did. With good luck a boy might escape with an apple or two. If the elk started early, however, the boy must slip back through the palings or else run the risk of being attacked by the big deer as soon as he had gobbled the apple. The boys always carried in a new club, and the ground was soon littered with chunks of wood.

Just across the street lived a family by the name of Duck. One day Mrs. Duck was sewing by the window when she called to her son, Jonathan:

"What on earth is that elk doing? Can you tell?"

No small boys had come into the elk yard that day. The elk was under the apple trees. He was hooking his horns along the ground, and presently he had a fallen club balanced on his antlers. Carefully, he turned his tail to the tree, edged from under and at a few feet away suddenly snapped his head up, and the stick crashed into the branches. With satisfaction, he went and picked up an apple that fell. The next time he threw too vigorously, and the club went clear over the top of the apple tree.

But every once in a while a club would go true, an apple or two would fall, and with every evidence of satisfaction the animal would eat it. The boy who saw the elk throwing clubs told me about it. He's my neighbor, right now. He never tried to study elk over the sights of a repeating rifle, yet I'll venture to remark that no meat hunter in the elk country ever restrained the trigger finger long enough to see a wild elk show its sagacity as plainly as this penned-in bull showed his.

## MRS. PEASLEE'S VACATION

"ABOUT once in every two years," Caleb Peaslee remarked to Deacon Hyne, "my wife gets a notion she's got to have a rest, and she don't give me any till I give in to her. I d'know but she'd take one oftener'n she does," he added speculatively, "if her strength was fitted to bear it—but it ain't. 'Bout once in two years is all she c'n stand."

"What tires her out so?" demanded the deacon.

Mr. Peaslee seemed to reflect a moment. "I don't know any better way," he said slowly, "than to set out to you, well's I can, what this last y'age was like. This year I sensed she was gittin' in the frame of mind to go somewhere by the way she was reddin' and cleanin' up the house; she does that, near's I c'n find a reason for it, so's she'll be good and tired and have a findable excuse for restin'."

"Wal, when she'd got everything scrubbed and polished to suit her she begun to hint. And after a couple of days of talkin' it b'iled down to her decidin' to go to Alma's for two—three weeks—so we got ready and went."

"Soon's we got settled in our seats on the cars my wife says:

"'From this minute,' she says, 'I intend to laze back and git filled up with restin'; I ain't goin' to worry nor fret nor work for three solid weeks. I've been gittin' tired as a peddler's dog all summer,' s'she, 'and it's time I called a halt,' she says."

"Whilst she was tellin' me that," Caleb interjected wisely, "I was thinkin' of other times and other rests I'd seen her take; but I had a spark of sense left, and I used it to keep my mouth shut. Thinks I, 'We'll see!'"

"The first day we was there passed tranquil 'nough, except Alma had a bil'in' of soap out in the yard, and, as it was her first try at soap-makin', my wife took holt and showed her—doin' most of the work because it was easier than tellin'. But, that job not bein' at home and for herself, it didn't count as work, of course."

"The next day she and Alma used up goin' in to the city on the 'lectric cars to do some shoppin' that Alma wanted my wife's advice about. They got an early start and didn't git back 'til late afternoon, with their arms so full of bundles that if it'd been me I'd have wanted a wheelbarrow. Their hats was a mite listid, both of 'em, and they looked a little tuckered and blown, but happy. They sot 'round that evenin' and talked of the things they'd got and of them they saw, but didn't git, and made an early bedtime of it—and no wonder!"

"The next day of so," Caleb went on, "they took things kind of easy and mod'rate, leavin' out bakin' victuals 'nough to winter an army, to carry to some kind of a food sale the church was havin'; they both cooked and then went and helped wait on the folks—but it bein' at a church gatherin' I s'pose it counted as a rest."

"But things was shapin'. Two days after the food sale a telegram come to Alma that her sister's two youngsters was sick and wouldn't she lend a hand for a day or so, till they c'd git somebody else to do the nursin'; and that, to my wife, was like a trumpet to a war hoss. In less'n an hour she had her things packed and was off. She's a natural nurse and better'n many that have made a study of it; I guess, under the angels, she jest about saved the life of the youngest child. Anyway, Alma's sister says she did. She was gone two weeks and then she come back and Alma took her place, leavin' my wife to run the house and do for Alfred and the hired man—and me, of course."

"A number of things come up while Alma was gone that my wife had to deal with—pears that had to be put up b'fore the time went by when they'd be fit, and a hard storm that beat into the shed chamber and wet some things that made it needful to wash 'em and dry 'em and git 'em back in the chamber again, and a sick lamb that had to be tended better'n she thought I c'd do it—and I wouldn't try to tell you all the things that she found to do. It all come to this: she made longer days and turned off more work than she'd done at home for a year, leavin' out hayin', when all hands have to overdo, of course."

"And the funny part of it is," Caleb concluded, "that now she's back home she won't

allow she done a lick of work while she was gone—or at any rate she claims she got rested, I tried to say diff'rent, but she wouldn't agree to it."

"Ain't they funny?" demanded Deacon Hyne with a resigned wistfulness.

"All of that," Caleb agreed heartily. "But jest the same, it'll be two years b'fore she'll have the courage to tackle it again; I've took notice, and I know!"

## WHEN THERE WERE TWO MOONS

AN editorial printed in *The Companion* last spring, entitled *Is There a Second Moon?* led a reader to write for us a legend that was long current among the Penobscot Indians, of Maine.

Once upon a time, they used to say, in the long ago there were two moons in the sky. One was the big moon that we can all see today, and the other was a little one that followed the big one about.

Now, there lived among the Indians a small boy who did not like to work. He neglected every task that was set him and spent his time in play. At running errands, he was especially irresponsible. Indeed, it was his heedlessness in this regard that cost the world a moon.

It happened thus. One morning his mother sent him into the garden to get a pumpkin. But as usual he loitered on the way. Perhaps he chased a squirrel or wasted his time shooting arrows. At any rate it was nightfall before he thought of the pumpkin for which he had been sent. It was dark and he was a long way from home, and also from the field in which the pumpkins grew. The big moon had already set, but the little one was still in the sky. As the boy squinted at it, wishing that it gave more light, it seemed to him that, small and round and yellow as it was, it looked very much like a pumpkin.

If he had that little moon, perhaps he could fool his old mother, whose sight was failing, into thinking that it really was the pumpkin that he had been sent to fetch.

Snap went his arrow, and twang went his bow, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the little moon was lying at his feet. But alas! it buried itself in the ground, and as it lay there it was much larger than he had expected it to be. Also it was no longer yellow. Neither was it quite round.

The small boy was soundly beaten by a horde of small and angry imps that came tumbling off the fallen moon, and when he returned home empty-handed his mother at last fulfilled her long threat and whipped him all over again.

Anyone who doubts the truth of this story may travel up into Maine and there, on the west fork of the Penobscot, he can see the fallen moon for himself. The palefaces call it Grindstone Hill.

## A QUEER FISH

EVERY part of the world, writes a correspondent, has its animals of peculiar interest to the tourist. If he goes south to the country of the sloth, he will see an animal whose very existence he might deem impossible. If he goes out to the prairies, the ranchers in that country will tell him incredible stories of that cunning wretch the coyote; if he goes still farther west into that little region of dry lands in British Columbia about Okanagan Lake, he will find some very remarkable forms of life.

Seated early one warm September evening on a hotel verandah in that country, some tourists were comparing the strange creatures they had seen. When they had talked awhile a native of the place volunteered to introduce them to another curiosity of natural history that they might add to their collection. So at his invitation they followed him down to a mountain stream that emptied into the lake close by. It was only a yard or so wide, but it shot down over its steep course in a tremendous hurry to reach the lake. Close under the bank lay what seemed to be reddish stones, from eight to twelve inches long. The tourists were told to walk quietly to the edge, kneel down, place their hands slowly in the water, then just as deliberately to grasp those red things, keeping their hands carefully towards the end pointing upstream. To their amazement they found on lifting their prize from the water that they had a "kickinnie," a species of trout, and not a stone at all. The fun had started. Never before had they caught a fish with nothing but their bare hands, and in less than half an hour the three men had caught enough for the breakfast of the guests at the small hotel.

The kickinnies begin to rise from the lake bottom when the September moon begins to show, and the "run" is most numerous as the moon becomes full. Then gradually they decrease in number. At no other time of the year are they to be seen. They will not bite at a hook; so they are never caught in the lake. Some people say they are a deep-water fish and that they come from the depths for the spawning season only. They dart with wonderful swiftness up the current and come to rest in a pool for a few minutes, then on up again, taking advantage of stones and twigs to clamber up the rapids of the stream till they can go no farther.

The boys go out at night to these streams with lanterns and gaff the fish as they dart by for the kickinnies prefer to go up by moonlight rather than in the daytime. This practice of



gaffing had to be stopped, as the fish were so easily caught that it was feared they would be exterminated. One "old-timer" used to build a dam across the stream and catch them by the hundreds to spread as a fertilizer on his land. He took for his own wants what he could use, salted down what he needed for a winter supply, and the rest he spread about under his peach and apple trees. Now, however, the law forbids any such wasteful use of the fish, which without some protection of the sort would unquestionably become extinct.

#### A BARGAIN IN MILLINERY

THE anecdote that The Companion printed about the man who found a way to make ice cream cheaply by borrowing everything that he needed reminds a reader of a family she knows who are chronic borrowers.

One Sunday morning when Mr. Borrower wished to shave he sent one of the numerous small borrowers to Mr. Jones.

"Daddy is shaving this morning, and his razor is dull," said the child. "He wants to know if he can borrow your strop?"

With much reluctance Mr. Jones surrendered the strop. Ten minutes later another small borrower appeared.

"Daddy thinks the reason he can't shave is because he hasn't got enough soap. Can he borrow yours?"

Mr. Jones made him a present of the soap. Five minutes elapsed; then a third child arrived.

"Daddy's razor isn't any good, and he sent me to borrow yours," he said.

But at this point a long-suffering lender drew the line.

But the neighborhood got most amusement over the experience of Mrs. Gray. She is a young and very pretty woman, and her new spring hat was very pretty too. But before she had a chance to wear it young Miss Borrower asked if she might have the hat to wear to a party.

And Mrs. Gray hadn't the courage to refuse. Twice more the young woman borrowed the hat and wore it; and then Mrs. Gray declared to her husband that she would have to give her the hat, for she should certainly never wear it herself.

The next time the young lady called Mr. Gray answered the doorbell.

"Is Mrs. Gray at home?"

"Yes; but she isn't feeling well and is resting. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Perhaps you can. I came to see if I could borrow her hat, the new one with the pink roses, to wear to a party tonight. She sometimes lends it to me."

"Well, now, I don't feel that I can lend Mrs. Gray's hat without her permission, and I don't want to disturb her while she is resting. But I'll tell you what I will do: I'll let you wear my hat."

Miss Borrower left, too furious to be articulate. But the next afternoon, when she knew Mr. Gray was not at home, she called again for the hat; and this time Mrs. Gray gave it to her. It was presented with gracious courtesy and accepted as a matter of course.

#### STRANDED IN INDIA

THE English aviators who tried to fly round the world two years ago had many misfortunes before their final wreck in the Indian Ocean. One night in Sibi, just over the borders of Baluchistan, so we learn from Maj. W. T. Blake in Flying Round the World, they had a miserable rest owing to mosquitoes, sand flies and fleas and the terrific heat. They decided therefore to push on at daylight to Quetta eight miles away in the mountains. The morning was misty; as soon as they got into the air they found that they could not see landmarks and so returned to the field at once. On landing they broke the undercarriage and the tail skid of their machine.

To say, writes Major Blake, that we were annoyed, is to put it mildly. We had no petrol; we had no facilities for repairing the broken undercarriage, and we were miles away from help. The only thing to do was to telephone through to Quetta to ask for a mechanic and the necessary supplies to be sent down to us. Luckily the railway authorities had a telephone along the line from Sibi, so that with comparatively little delay I managed to speak to an officer of the R.A.F. stationed up in the hills. He promised to send a break-down party with the things we needed.

All that morning we worked. The temperature greatly increased until it equalled the previous day's heat of 119° and then went on climbing until it touched 121° in the shade. We kept as far as possible in the shade thrown by the wings of the machine, moving the aeroplane round as the sun moved, so that the shadow always fell about the undercarriage where we were working; moreover, we were wearing huge topees and thick spine pads. At intervals during the day natives brought large boxes of ice and dozens of bottles of soda water from the station.

We endured another night of terrific heat and sand flies. We arose before dawn the following morning, and soon afterward the break-down party arrived, having had a rough journey from Quetta. Despite their fatigue they at once started to work on our machine and by lunch time had it ready for service.

Again the heat was intense; the thermometer steadily climbed until it reached 123° in the shade and about 170° in the sun—a temperature in which it is almost impossible for Europeans to live. We filled our tanks and got ready to take off, but just as we were starting up the engine one of the mechanics suddenly collapsed. We had a little ice left, and with it we proceeded to do our best to bring him round, laying him under the wings of the machine in order that he might have the only available shade. Then without warning the sergeant-major who was with the party fell in a heap. We had no more ice, and he was obviously in such a bad way that we had to give up all idea of starting.

I went as quickly as possible down to the station hospital to get help and ice. As I climbed into the tonga to gallop away for assistance two more men collapsed, and by the time I got to the hospital an Indian who had been helping us and who was with me in the tonga was also overcome. It was wonderful how everyone had managed to bear up until the work was done. It was probably only the fact that all three of us knew that we had to keep going that enabled us to carry on. The next morning we flew to Quetta.

#### SPRINTING AROUND THE GLOBE

WHEN Jules Verne wrote his fascinating story, *Around the World in Eighty Days*, says the Scientific American, he probably did not realize that within a comparatively short period this trip could be made in much shorter time. In fact, Phileas Fogg could now make the complete circuit of the earth in less than thirty-six days. Numerous journeys around the world against time have been made by both men and women. The first was made in 1889 by Nellie Bly, in 72 days, 6 hours, 11 minutes and 14 seconds. George Francis Train made the trip in 1890 in 67 days, 12 hours and 3 minutes. In 1910 Charles Fitzmorris made the trip in 60 days, 13 hours, 29 minutes and 42 seconds, in the race for schoolboys.

The first "record breaker" to use the Trans-Siberian Railway was Henry Frederick, who in 1903 made the circuit in 54 days, 7 hours and 20 minutes. In 1907 Col. Burnley Campbell reduced the time to 40 days, 19 hours, 30 minutes. In 1911 Andrew Jaeger-Schmidt made a record-breaking trip, his elapsed time being 39 days, 19 hours, 42 minutes and 37 seconds. This trip cost \$1426. Of that amount only \$596 was spent for railway fare and transportation; \$600 went in hotel bills, food and tips.

The record of Jaeger-Schmidt was broken in 1913 by John Henry Mears, who made the trip of 21,066 miles in 35 days, 21 hours, 35 minutes and 4 seconds; he travelled at an average speed of 587 miles a day, or 244 miles an hour. During the entire trip Mr. Mears slept in a hotel but once, and that was for two hours in London. The trip cost less than \$800; this includes the liberal tips he distributed along the way and the money he spent in bribing the engine crew of the Trans-Siberian Railway.

#### A SKIRMISH OF WITS

THE eminent painter James McNeill Whistler, was as famous for his wit as for his art. There are scores of stories about the quickness and sharpness of his tongue, many of which are "classics of anecdote." Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson tells some that are less familiar in his *Random Recollections*.

Whistler, he says, frequented the Beefsteak Club a great deal and was very popular there. Though a good many members tried to match wits with him, he always had the best of every exchange. On only one occasion do I remember his being "graveled," and that was when a reporter printed in his newspaper that "Whistler and Oscar Wilde were seen on the Brighton front, talking as usual about themselves." Whistler sent the paragraph to Wilde, with a brief note saying: "I wish these reporters would be accurate; if you remember, Oscar, we were talking about me."

Wilde sent him a telegram saying: "It is true, Jimmie, we were talking about you, but I was thinking of myself!"

But Whistler got his revenge, for, some time after, he was bidden to Oscar Wilde's wedding. Wilde, as the service was about to begin, received a telegram from him, saying: "Am detained, don't wait."

#### DRIVING AWAY TRADE

WE are pretty sure that Sherlock Holmes, if he had come across the interesting greengrocer of whom the Boston Transcript tells us, would have concluded that the man had been a school-teacher before he became a grocer.

"Have you any nice fresh eggs today?" asked the breezy customer.

"Madam," answered the man who had just started in the grocery business, "permit me to remind you that nice eggs are necessarily fresh and fresh eggs always nice. Moreover, if I have any I have them today. My possession of eggs yesterday or tomorrow does not affect the situation, therefore—"

"Humph!" snorted the woman, as she started for the door, "eggs are not the only fresh things in this store. I'll do my trading elsewhere."

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# BITTEN BY A WHALE

By Ralph E. Cropley



For some time . . . the men remained by the abandoned wreck

IN the old days a whaling voyage used to last the best part of three years. Judging from where the Essex, of New Bedford, was when a whale sank her on Nov. 13, 1820, we are led to conclude that she had put to sea at least two years before.

Following the usual track of New Bedford whalers, her skipper no doubt had first crossed the Atlantic toward the Azores, worked his way south and then headed east and up into the Indian Ocean. Probably he had gone through the Strait of Malacca and, passing the Philippines, had kept east of Japan until he had reached the Sea of Okhotsk. After completing his catch there, he had probably worked down toward the Sandwich Islands and probably was on his way southwest toward New Zealand when, on that unlucky 13th of November the lookout shouted, "There she blows!" and three boats with killing parties put off.

The boat crews were at once lucky; each got its harpoon into a whale. The first mate's prize proved to be especially frisky once it felt the lance. Raising its gigantic tail, it rolled from side to side until the surrounding sea was white with froth. Then down came a huge fluke on the gunwale of the boat, and so severe was the blow that the first mate had to cut loose from his catch and give all his attention to getting his damaged boat back to the Essex.

Only his remarkable seamanship enabled him to save himself and his crew, for the whale, which was of the largest variety and which evidently was the dam of a small whale that the men in the captain's boat were capturing, made rushes at his boat and tried to crunch it in her massive jaws. Somehow the boat reached the Essex, but the men had no sooner scrambled up the sides than the mother whale charged the ship. The blow was staggering. As the whale scraped under the bottom she knocked off part of the false keel just abreast of the main channels. All hands thought surely that the end had come, but the ship righted herself and continued on her course.

But Madame Whale was not through. Coming up alongside, she tried, somewhat to the amusement of the crew, to clasp the Essex in her jaws. The sailors hurled many harpoons into the enraged fish, but they did not drive her off. At last, finding that she was not succeeding in her purpose, the whale turned and, going under the stern, came up on the other side. Then she began to swim off, and the men on the Essex were afraid that she was making to attack the two other boats. But after she had swum for perhaps a quarter of a mile she turned round on her tail and with lightning speed made for the Essex. This time, instead of choosing to strike the vessel amidships, she chose the

bow just under the catheads. Though the Essex was going at four or five knots an hour when the crash came, the vessel, more than merely stopping dead, acquired sufficient sternway to send the sea smashing through the aft cabin ports.

The shock of the blow flung every man to the deck. The bows were as completely stove in as if the ship had collided with another vessel. Since water was rushing in fore and aft, it was not long before the Essex, weighted down with her two years' catch of whale oil, filled and went over on her beam ends; her towering masts and sails dipped into the sea.

At the time the captain's boat and that of the second mate were both fast to whales. On beholding the awful catastrophe both crews immediately cut loose from their fish and made for the wreck. As soon as the captain got aboard he gave orders to cut away the masts. Since the vessel had careened on her side, the task was not easy. Yet, being used to facing all kinds of emergencies, the men soon chopped off the three masts and the heavy spars and sails, and the vessel righted herself.

It was readily to be seen that the Essex could no longer afford shelter to her crew. Her decks were awash, and there was no dry place aboard her. Salvaging what food he could, the skipper ordered all hands into the longboats. For some time, hoping that another whaler would come on the grounds, the men remained by the abandoned wreck; but at last, when no help came, the boats stood away to the south. The men hoped to reach some one of the groups of islands that dot the southwestern Pacific, but the winds were unfavorable.

The official record of the catastrophe says that for thirty days the boats continued to beat about and were carried eastward toward the middle of the Pacific, where islands are few and scattered. On the thirtieth day they reached an island that probably was one of those rocky, barren bits of land between the group known as the Society Islands and Valparaiso, Chile.

The island afforded the shipwrecked sailors scarcely any nourishment, and the captain decided that the only thing to do was to put to sea once more and try to reach the coast of South America. Three of the men decided that, rather than venture forth on such a long journey in an open boat, they would remain on the island. The rest set forth, and after a succession of misadventures, regarding which there seems to be no record, those who remained of the crew reached Valparaiso, where they found in port the United States frigate Macedonian. On learning that three American sailors were marooned on a barren island in the middle of the Pacific, Captain Downes, the commander, resolved to rescue them. At the expense of one thousand dollars, a large sum for 1820, he fitted out a Chilean schooner and sent her in search of the unfortunates. But after a month at sea, during which time storms drove her off her course and eventually dismasted her, she limped back to Valparaiso.

At that Captain Downes was for setting out in the frigate, but fortunately he did not have to go; for the captain of the British ship Surrey, which was on the eve of sailing for Australia, agreed, for the sum of three hundred dollars, to run a bit out of his course and rescue the stranded sailors.

On Thursday, April 5, 1821, almost five months after the whale had wrecked the Essex, and four months after the boats had set out from the island for South America, the commander of the Surrey sighted an island that he thought might be the one on which the Americans were. As he came near it he discharged a signal gun. Looking through his telescope, he saw the three men for whom he was searching come from the woods and begin to wave frantically. The rescue was accomplished with difficulty but with eventual success.





## THE COMPANION RECEIPTS

These receipts are gathered from original sources in America, Europe and Asia, and are fully tested under the supervision of The Companion

### CUCUMBER SALAD

cucumbers  
red radishes  
French dressing

Peel the cucumbers and slice them, without separating the slices entirely, so that the appearance is still that of a whole cucumber. Cut the radishes into very thin slices and insert one between every two slices of the cucumber. Serve the salad ice cold with French dressing.

### FILLET OF VEAL WITH NEW VEGETABLES

3 pounds of fillet of veal  
1 cup of new peas  
2 cups of stock  
2 tablespoonfuls of flour  
1 tablespoonful of tomato or mushroom catsup  
6 small onions  
1 dozen tiny carrots  
2 sprigs of parsley  
1 tablespoonful of butter  
salt and pepper  
paprika

Place most of the vegetables in the bottom of a casserole or other covered bake dish. Lay the fillet on top of this and lard the upper side, or place some very thin slices of bacon on the top of it. Sprinkle the vegetables with a little salt and pepper; if the stock be well seasoned, this is not necessary. Pour the stock on, cover and bake for two hours in a slow oven. When it is done place the fillet on a platter and garnish it with vegetables and parsley. Make a gravy by blending together the flour and butter or substitute; add the strained gravy from the dish, and stir the mixture constantly until it thickens. Add a cup of the strained stock, but if you have not that amount add a little water or milk. When it is ready to serve stir in the catsup.

### CREAMED POTATOES WITH GREEN PEPPERS

green peppers  
white potatoes  
cream  
milk  
1 slice of onion  
salt

Parboil the peppers in salted water after removing the pith and seeds. Boil the potatoes in their jackets, and then peel them. Cut the potatoes into cubes, and the green pepper into small pieces; then mix the two.

Prepare a white sauce, using half cream and half milk and a small slice of onion. Add the sauce to the potato and pepper mixture and cook a few minutes to blend the flavors. Serve very hot, with steak, roast or chops.

### SAVORY TOAST

1 small onion  
1 tablespoonful of butter  
cream  
4 eggs  
1 pound grated cheese  
bread  
salt  
paprika

Mince the onion very fine and fry it in the butter until it is a golden brown. Beat up the eggs, add the cream, pour the mixture into the frying-pan and scramble it. When the white of the egg is set add the grated cheese, and season the dish with salt and paprika or a dash of cayenne. Stir until the cheese is melted and serve the mixture on slices of toasted bread.

### PURÉE OF PEAS

1 cup of split peas  
1 small sliced onion  
2 small sliced carrots  
1 teaspoonful of salt  
1 tablespoonful of butter  
salt  
pepper  
1 cup of milk

Soak the peas overnight in five cups of cold water. In the morning allow them to simmer in the same water on the back of the stove for an hour; then add the onion, the carrots and the salt.

Boil the ingredients together until all are thoroughly tender; then dip out the vegetables and put them through a ricer. Return the whole to the liquid, add the butter and season the dish with salt and pepper to taste. When it is nearly time to serve the soup, heat, but do not boil, the milk and add it to the soup, not permitting it to boil again. The receipt will serve four persons.

### TUNA FISH SOUFFLÉ

1 1/2 cups of white sauce  
1 egg  
1 cup of grated cheese  
1 can of tuna fish  
1/2 teaspoonful of  
chopped parsley  
1 teaspoonful of lemon juice

Tuna fish soufflé, like all soufflés, must be served straight from the oven or it will prob-

ably fall. To the white sauce add the yolk of an egg, the cheese, the parsley, the lemon juice, and the tuna fish, flaked. Beat the ingredients well together, and fold in the white of the egg beaten stiff. Pour the whole into a small greased casserole dish and bake it in a quick oven until it is firm. If you prefer, you can stew the parsley on the soufflé at the time of serving. The amount given will serve four persons.

### CHICKEN À LA KING

boiled chicken  
butter  
salt and pepper  
1 tablespoonful of minced pimientos  
2 tablespoonfuls of chopped boiled ham  
6 fresh mushrooms  
1 cup of cream  
3 eggs  
toast

Cut the meat of the chicken into small pieces and sauté in butter, seasoning with salt and pepper. Add the pimientos, the small pieces of boiled ham and the mushrooms. Add the cream and the beaten yolks of the eggs, boil the whole quickly and serve it very hot on slices of buttered toast.

The receipt can be made with cream sauce instead of with cream, and with one, two or three eggs. A sliced truffle can be used instead of the mushrooms, or both can be omitted and a cup of boiled peas and asparagus tips substituted.

### EGGS IN CASSEROLETTES

lobster stuffing  
fine chopped mushrooms  
butter  
eggs  
brown sauce  
chopped cress

In individual casserolettes place an equal quantity of lobster stuffing—lobster put through a grinder—and mushrooms sautéed in butter. Heat the whole well in the oven and slip on top of each a well poached egg. Pour an edge of brown sauce around each egg, and reheat it in the oven for three minutes before serving. The same receipt can be served in a large casserole; mask the eggs with a little chopped cress before serving them.

### BROWN RAISIN BREAD

1 egg  
1 cup of molasses  
2 cups of sour milk  
1/2 cup of sugar  
1 teaspoonful of salt  
6 cups of whole wheat flour  
2 heaping teaspoonfuls of soda  
1 1/2 cups of raisins

Mix the egg, molasses, milk, sugar and salt together. Add and beat in the flour, two cups at a time. Add the soda in 1/2 cup of boiling water and the raisins. Pour the mixture into three pans. Bake it for one hour at least. The bread is equally good when made with sweet milk, using six teaspoonfuls of baking powder, instead of the soda.

### CHEESE CUPS

5 eggs  
1/2 cup of hot milk  
1/2 cup of grated cheese  
1 drop of onion juice  
butter  
toast  
1 cup of creamed tomatoes

Beat the eggs until they are very foamy; then add the hot milk and the grated cheese. Season to taste. Pour the mixture into buttered cups and bake them in a pan of water until they are set.

Toast large rounds of bread and cut out from each an inner circle about the size of the cheese cups. Place the toast rings on a platter or on individual dishes, and turn a custard into the centre of each. Pour a little thick tomato sauce round each custard, covering the toast.

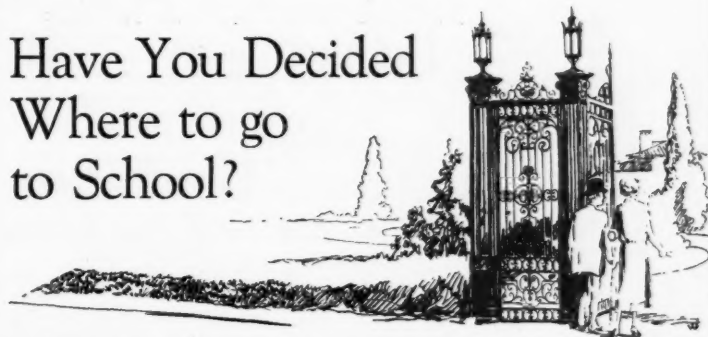
To make the tomato sauce, let the canned tomatoes simmer until thick. Season and add the onion juice.

### CRISPY COOKIES

2 eggs  
2 cups of brown sugar  
1 cup of shortening  
3 1/2 cups of flour  
4 teaspoonfuls of baking powder  
1 teaspoonful of vanilla  
1/2 teaspoonful of salt

Mix the eggs, sugar and shortening together; add the flour, baking powder, vanilla and salt. Grease a narrow cake pan, fill it with the cookie dough and place it in the refrigerator. When the dough is cold slice with a sharp knife as many cookies as you wish to bake at a time. The receipt makes a large quantity, and the dough will keep in the refrigerator for a week or more.

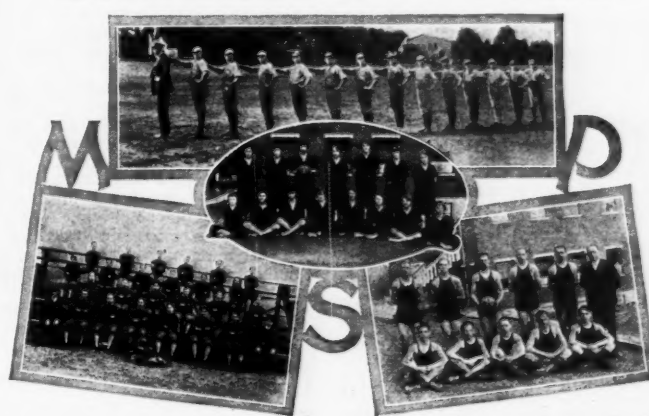
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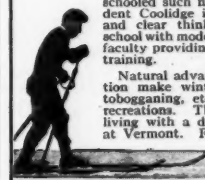


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# OPTICAL ILLUSIONS

By Herbert E. Cushman, Ph.D.

**T**HE artist uses his knowledge of optical illusions when he paints pictures; the dressmaker when she makes dresses; the type founder when he designs type. As the normal human eye is limited in its powers, it fails to perceive the causes of many of the effects gained by very simple means. The following illustrations show some of the ways in which the eye is tricked.

Draw a line AB and divide it in the middle at C. Then draw lines obliquely from A, C and B as in Fig. 1. The half of the line with the points turned away from each other looks longer than the half with the points turned toward each other.

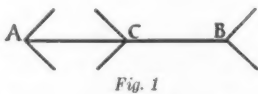


Fig. 1

Draw another line, AB, divide it into halves at C, and from A, C and B draw curved projections such as ( ) in Fig. 2. The halves of the line will appear longer or shorter according as the projections turn in or turn out. If you draw two sets of brackets the same distance apart, one set with the ends turned in and the other set with the ends turned out, it makes no difference in the completeness of the illusion whether the lines connecting the brackets are drawn or not.

In each of these illustrations the explanation is the same. The muscles of the eyeball are active, and the eye is easily led. Any devices that attract the eye beyond the end of the line make the line seem longer, and any objects that retard the eye before it reaches the end of the line make the line seem shorter.

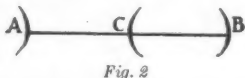


Fig. 2

Draw, as in Fig. 3, a horizontal line AB and at right angles to it the perpendicular line AC of the same length. You will see that AB seems shorter than AC. If, however, you turn the paper so that AC is horizontal and AB is perpendicular, then AB will appear the longer of the two.

The explanation of this phenomenon is that a single muscle moves the eyeball from left to right or from right to left, but two muscles are required to move the eye up or down. Therefore the strain is greater in vertical movements of the eye than for side movements of the same distance, and the distance is judged to be longer. A woman can be made to look taller than she really is by putting on her a dress with a single vertical stripe on it.

Now draw two squares of the same size, say three inches each way. Across one at equal distances apart draw horizontal lines; divide the other with vertical lines. (Fig. 4.) You will find that the square with vertical lines appears broader than the square with horizontal lines.

If you turn the paper sideways so that the position of lines of the two squares is reversed, the relative sizes of the squares will appear changed. Why is it that the square with vertical lines looks broader than the one with horizontal lines? Evidently because in moving the eye from line to line across the square you put a greater strain on the eye than you do when it passes along a single line. Thus the square with vertical lines it gives you the sense of greater breadth than height; the square with horizontal lines gives you the sense of greater height than breadth.

Draw a vertical line three inches long and a horizontal line three inches long across its base. (Fig. 5.) CD does not appear to be so long as AB because CD is divided into parts, and in comparing the two lines we inevitably compare only a part of the line CD with the whole of AB. Hence the illusion. Let AB intersect CD at any point. Hold the lines in any position, the illusion still remains.

Because of this illusion the letter T is made a little wider at the top, and the letters A, V, Y, M and W are also made wider than other letters.

Draw four parallel lines and afterwards

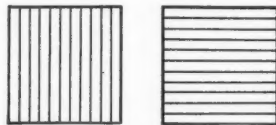


Fig. 4

draw lines across them as in Fig. 6. Observe the illusion. The probable explanation of it is that, as the normal angle in nature may be said to be the right angle, so the eye always "exaggerates the acute angle" and underestimates the obtuse angle, or unconsciously seeks to make those angles like the right angle. There are in this figure so many oblique lines that they are taken as the basis of our judgment, and the single line that runs across them seems to yield to them. It is the result of the unconscious attempt of the eye to make right angles of all the angles formed by the intersection of lines.

Draw four parallel lines and then draw across them lines radiating as in Fig. 7.

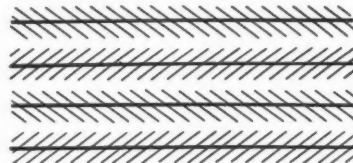


Fig. 6

Notice the illusion in each. This again illustrates the principle that the acute angles are exaggerated and the obtuse angles underestimated, and to this principle the parallel lines have to yield. So the first two appear to bulge at the center; the other two appear to diverge at the ends. The parallel lines yield because the other lines are fixed at centers and outnumber them.

Draw an arch as in Fig. 8. Take a strip of black paper and place one edge of it—CD—against the points A and B of the arch. The

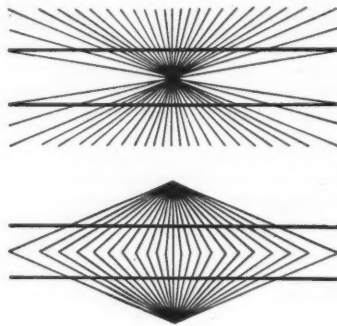


Fig. 7

illusion will be that the arch is broken as in Fig. 9. Try the same experiment on an arch that is broken and imperfect like Fig. 10. No doubt the reader is now able to supply an explanation of this illusion.

Cut out of paper two equal squares; one out of white paper, the other out of black paper. Cut out two more equal squares, one white and one black, and each one fourth the size of the first squares. Paste the small white square on the large black square, and the small black square on the large white square. (Fig. 11.) The white square on the black ground will appear much larger than the black square on the white ground.

The principle involved in this is called irradiation. It is the same principle that the

large woman of good taste obeys when she refuses to dress in white because white makes her appear larger; and this same principle causes the small woman to use white if she cares to appear larger. For when the retina of the eye is stimulated by a very bright color, not only those portions respond on which the image of the object strikes, but also the stimulation spreads to the adjoining portions. The image thus increased gives a sensation of a larger object than really exists. The spreading of the stimulation on the retina, as was said, is known as irradiation.

Every picture is an illusion. A picture is a flat piece of paper or canvas, with colors or without, and yet while we look at it it seems to have depth or, as we say in psychology or in mathematics, it has the third dimension. But it is really flat. Now there is only a



Fig. 9

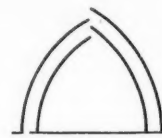


Fig. 10

limited space round a person where he actually sees depth. That limited space has a third dimension perceived by the convergence of the eyes and the movement of the head. But all objects at a distance are actually seen by the eye to be in a common perpendicular plane. They appear just as the artist tries to make them appear in a picture—as having perspective or depth or the third dimension.

In nature and art we judge things to have



Fig. 11

perspective by their shadows and their shapes. Notice how a square table grows more and more different in its apparent shape as it becomes more distant. Notice too how a few touches make a plane surface appear solid as in Fig. 12. We see a piece of nature made up of shadows and shades and shapes, and we have grown accustomed to associate them with different solidities and distances. So we project the third dimension upon space, and when the same shadings appear in a picture we seem to see in it the same projection of the third dimension.

Cut two figures of equal size and shape out of paper. (Fig. 13.) Place one above the other and notice the extraordinary apparent smallness of the upper one. Let them exchange places and see that it still is the one in the higher place that appears smaller. The explanation is that we judge of the size of the two figures from the lines of each that are adjacent. The line on the lower part of the upper figure is much shorter than that on the upper part of the lower figure. Hence the upper figure appears smaller. Such figures should be avoided in art and fashions unless an illusion of this sort is particularly desired.

Draw figures of a man and a boy of the same height and place them in relative positions as in



Fig. 13

Fig. 14. Why does the man look larger than the boy?

These and examples of other principles involved in optical illusions could be multiplied indefinitely. Such illusions as are given can be grouped on the whole into illusions

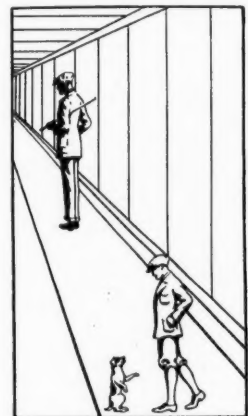


Fig. 14

of direction and of magnitude. There is an enormous series of color illusions that we cannot here touch upon. There are, besides, illusions of all the other senses, for the other senses are subject to deception as well as the sense of sight.

## A BASEBALL PARTY

**D**URING the baseball season the "great game" itself furnishes a suggestion to the hostess, young or old, who wishes to entertain informally with a novel party that is easy to arrange for.

In planning the party divide your list of guests into teams. Scrub teams of less than nine players are all right. In issuing the invitations assign each guest a place on one team or the other by naming the position that he or she is to play. Write the invitations on paper "fans," on circular disks cut and painted with water colors to represent baseballs, on cards cut in the shape of a fielder's glove, on plain cards decorated with pictures of baseball supplies cut from advertisements of sporting goods, or on the backs of letter sheets on the other side of which baseball cartoons are mounted.

If the hour and the weather permit, stay out of doors and play at least one game of baseball, using a soft playground ball.

Other amusing out-of-door ball games are, to mention only a few, battle ball, bombardment, boundary ball, volley ball, square ball and tag football. Some good indoor ball games



Fig. 12

are toss ball, indoor volley ball, round ball, home run, balloon race and balloon goal. Indoor games are best played with bean bags or with toy balloons that are inflated with air.

When the refreshments are served the place cards may bear the words "pitcher," "catcher" and the like. Then the guests will find places to correspond with the positions given them in their invitations. If something quite elaborate is wanted, serve courses as "innings." Each course may consist of some simple article of food. Another suggestion is to have four "bases" at which refreshments are served; a drink of some kind at one, sandwiches at another, ice cream at the third, and cake at the fourth. Another plan is to serve from a lunch cart.



### DID PUSSY REASON IT OUT?

CATS usually take good care of their offspring and bring them up in the way that kittens should go. Do they reason about it? There seems to be no other way to account for some of their performances. For example:

A fine tortoise-shell cat, writes a correspondent, once had her home in our family, and there were occasions when she showed an intelligence that seemed almost human. She was a diligent huntress and provided well for her growing families. One day when she brought in a mouse her two kittens got hold of it at the same time, and neither would let go. They growled and danced and hissed and clawed and hung on. Their mother walked round and round them, gravely anxious. But as it appears to be a tenet in a cat's code of conduct that no cat, however strong, shall meddle with the game of another, however weak, after it is once in his possession, Mother Puss did not interfere. The kittens held on with constantly increasing belligerence. They set their teeth in more firmly and pulled and pulled until the mouse tore in two. Puss watched until the portions were devoured, and then she walked away.

That did not, as we supposed, end the matter. Perhaps puss thought that the scene was too shocking to be allowed to occur again. At any rate the next time she returned from a hunt she had two mice in her mouth, one for each kitten; and this time there was no quarreling.

From that day on until the kittens were large enough to hunt for themselves if puss brought mice at all she brought two at a time. How she managed it no one knew. Probably she caught one and stored it in a safe place and then hunted again until she caught a second. Then she must have returned to her cache and got the two mice together in her mouth before going home.

Such a proceeding would seem natural enough in a dog, but it is certainly not the way of the ordinary cat. What can we think except that she reasoned that that was the best way to satisfy her greedy youngsters and yet keep them from quarreling over their food?

### WITH THE FLYING MAIL

IN a recent article in McClure's magazine Mr. Howard Mingos has related some of the deeds and dangers of the flying mail service from coast to coast. Something of the variety of perilous adventure these men are likely to encounter after they have crashed or made a forced landing and escaped with life and limb from immediate disaster is indicated by the odd addition to their flying equipment that experience has prompted. Flying over the snow country, they now carry snowshoes lashed to the side of the plane; army canteens are carried in crossing the waterless Nevada desert, six-shooters and rifles to protect them where wolf packs range. In the air their worst enemy is fog or blinding snow, especially in the neighborhood of mountains.

One flyer, Clair Vance, came down in a snow-storm in the Sierra Nevadas a few weeks ago, and, though his brother pilots aided by men from the army sought him for days, they had given him up for lost by the time he made his way back to civilization, half-starved and with his clothes in rags and his shoes worn through.

Another, Jack Knight, started one day in bad weather for Rock Springs and on reaching the first mountain range found the peaks covered with mist and snow. At that moment his engine began coughing. With most of his power lost Knight looked over the side for a possible landing. He was unable to see the earth through the murk. Glancing ahead at that instant, he was startled to find a cliff looming up in front of him. His plane was almost on the rocks.

Knight worked swiftly at the controls; but he was helpless, for a terrific downgust swirling over the mountain peak beat upon the wings of his machine. It kept on out of control. The next moment it had crashed against the ledge high up on the side of Telephone Cañon. The impact tore off the nose of the plane and knocked Knight unconscious. The engine and the propeller lay there in the ice and snow. The rest of the machine, with Knight in it, was whirled out into space again, where it fluttered about like a falling leaf, still in the grip of that downward blast.

Hours later Knight recovered consciousness and dug himself out of the snow and splinters at the bottom of the cañon. His nose was broken, and he was almost frozen. From his path in the sky he had observed a ranch house some ten miles back, and with that as his objective he staggered painfully and by slow degrees through the drifts.

He reached the house. The people there carried him into Laramie, where he was put to bed. Three days in the hospital and Knight was flying again.

Bob Ellis, caught in a downdraft, crashed against the side of a precipice, where the plane clung to the snow like a fly on a wall. Ellis could do nothing but sit there and wait for help. Another pilot found him a few hours later and spread the alarm. A rescue party worked its way to the top of the mountain and lowered ropes. Ellis tied one of them round his waist and they hoisted him a hundred feet or more up and over the top. It was many weeks before the plane could be salvaged.



## Your Brownie Gets It

Your ears are tingling yet from Jack's first attempts at the bugle. But it was a great chance for a picture just the same—and, as usual, your Brownie made the most of it.

This Eastman-made camera is certainly easy to work—and there's a barrel full of fun in an album full of pictures.

*Brownie cameras, \$2.00 up*

*At your Kodak dealer's*

**Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City***

## Is this what happens to your lovely silk things?

Even after one or two wearings, while not obviously soiled, a silk garment which comes into contact with the skin has in it enough perspiration acid to injure its delicate fibres and colors. And hamper-dampness keeps the acid moist and active.

If only everyone realized how quickly silk things are faded, streaked—yes, actually *destroyed*—when allowed to lie huddled in the hamper with soiled linens and other household laundry, surely a lovely silk blouse would never find its way there!



# This simple method protects delicate fabrics

*A quick tubbing in Ivory suds as soon as possible after wearing will prevent acid action and premature wear by perfect cleansing.*

### IVORY Flakes For a very special need— a sample, FREE

If you have a particularly precious garment that will stand the touch of pure water, let us send you a sample of Ivory Flakes to wash it with. We shall also send you a beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments", which is a veritable encyclopedia of laundering information. Address a letter or postcard to Section 36-HF, Dept. of Home Economics, Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, Ohio.

#### Your personal laundry

Below are listed the washable articles in the wardrobe of the modern woman.

Every one of these garments requires the care and protection provided by Ivory (cake or flakes).

silk stockings,\* silk lingerie\*  
silk nightgowns\*  
silk blouses,\* sweaters  
scarves, dresses  
handkerchiefs  
ties  
cuffs and collar sets  
sports shirts  
silk negligees

\* The garments indicated thus should be tubbed in Ivory suds as soon as possible after they are worn.

THIS takes but a few minutes, and Ivory cannot hurt fabrics or colors, no matter how often they are washed, provided they can stand the touch of pure water. Yet think what it means if you take care of your silk things this way!

They wear longer. You have the luxury of fresh garments daily. You can manage beautifully on a very few fine garments. They come out unstained and unfaded. They are entirely free

from soapy odor. They are safe from the dangers of carelessness.

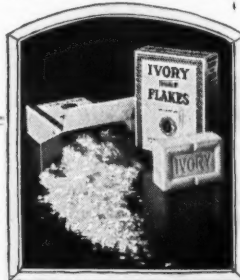
If it were not for the purity and gentleness of Ivory you might think twice before subjecting your fragile garments, or even your hands, to such frequent tubbings. But with Ivory, you don't have to worry, for millions of women use Ivory on their faces, and a soap fine enough for your face is fine enough for the most delicate garments.

Procter & Gamble

# IVORY

99<sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> % PURE

CAKES



FLAKES

### Have you ever considered this?

A great many women do their entire household laundry with Ivory Soap—for their hands' sake as well as for the sake of the clothes. Why not try Ivory for your weekly wash and other household tasks?